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CHARLES LAMB.

Æt. 23.

from a drawing by Hancock.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES LAMB

with

ANECDOTES BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Selected and arranged by

ERNEST DRESSEL NORTH

NEW YORK AND LONDON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press

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TO

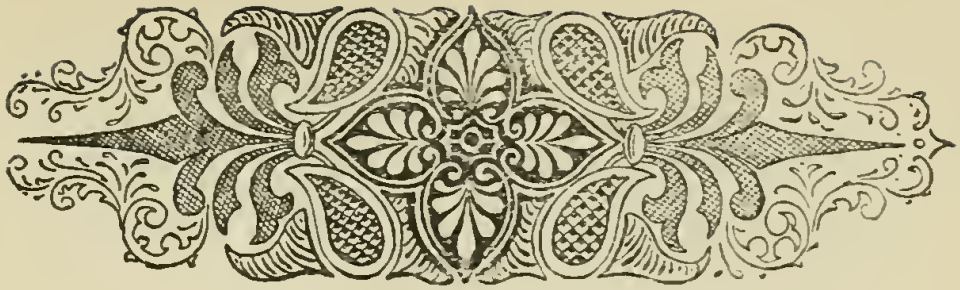
E. L. N.

The portrait of Lamb used as a frontispiece, is from the original chalk drawing made by Robert Hancock in 1798, now in the National Portrait Gallery, Bethnal Green Museum, London.

It was originally owned by Joseph Cottle and appeared for the first time in his *Early Recollections*, 2 vols., London, 1837, engraved by R. Woodman, three years after Lamb's death. Mr. Cottle considered it "a masterly likeness" and states that "Mr. Coleridge often used to look at this image of his old friend and school-fellow, and express his warmest approbation of its accuracy."

Hancock made other drawings about the same time, of Amos Cottle, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. Mr. Cottle further states that "these likenesses were taken in the years when each of the writers published his first volume of poems," and at the "time the most favorable for expressing the moral and intellectual character of the face." This of Lamb must, therefore, ever remain as the most authentic likeness of him at this early period.

The text of Lamb's Works used for this selection is that of the edition of Canon Ainger, published by the Macmillans.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THERE are few writers in English literature whose works lend themselves more readily to quotation than do those of Charles Lamb.

One has through these occasional glimpses vistas of Lamb's mind, heart, and personality. Indeed in his case the three cannot be separated, for his mind was his heart and his personality was the combination of the two. He was but one person to his friends and to his readers.

If Mr. Pater's remark is true, and no careful reader of "Elia" will dissent from it, then one cannot fail to place Lamb high on the ladder of fame as a humorist. He says: "Lamb was essentially an essayist of the true family of Montaigne, 'never judging,' as he says, 'system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars,' saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and by way of pastime, yet succeeding

thus, 'glimpsewise,' in catching and recording more frequently than others 'the gayest, happiest attitude of things,' a casual writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose."

It is this happy faculty of "catching and recording" that has fascinated and delighted his readers. The writers of Lamb's own time were largely occupied with ideas of reform—religious, moral, and political. He stood aside and watched the procession, marked its irregularities, and punctured its false ideas, all the time noting when it was out of step.

Lamb's humor is something difficult to define. It is like attempting to describe a Swiss atmosphere, or a rare day in June. It permeates all his writings, and gives us a sense of personal acquaintance with one of the most heroic hearts and sunny natures in the annals of literature.

As a critic, he handed down to future readers the charm which some old poet or moralist, such as Burton, Quarles, or Hogarth, exerted over his own mind, as though he merely transmitted it, and was not in reality its originator.

Sometimes this was done in a stray letter, a passing note, a brief essay, or a pungent remark. To catch these and give them to the reader is

the purpose of this little book. In making the selections, I have been governed by one thought only—to let Lamb in all cases speak for himself, for no writer needs less editing than he. His letters, we believe, are less known than his essays, although they contain the germ of much of his best criticism and many of his most brilliant flashes of wit. I have, therefore, given many extracts from them, hoping to interest the reader more deeply in them.

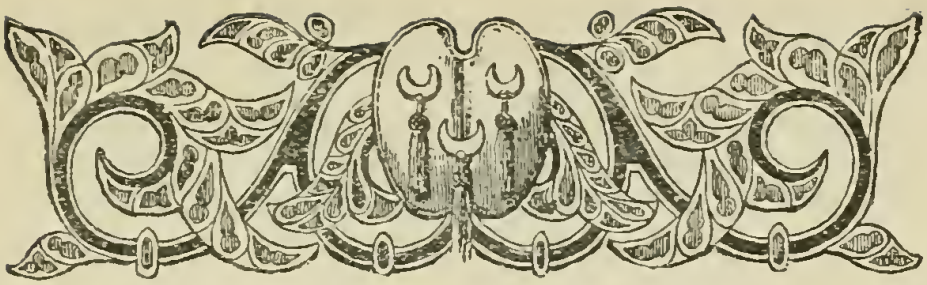
The anecdotes and sayings attributed to him would fill several volumes the size of this.

I have endeavored to trace those selected to their original sources and only give such as are well attested, and in most instances by contemporaries.

Several anecdotes are told again and again by Lamb's friends, until their charm has been quite dispelled, in these instances I have chosen the version which seemed the earliest and most authentic.

E. D. N.

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY,
October 1, 1892.



CHARLES LAMB'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

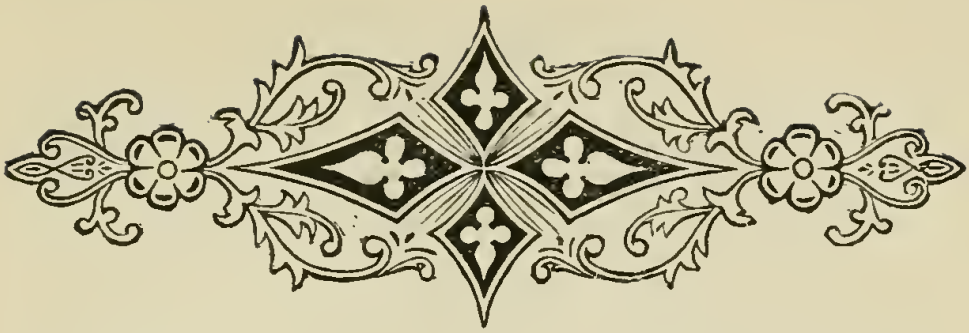
CHARLES LAMB, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suâ manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit; which,

as he told a dull fellow who charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper-berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then an occasional puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale, in prose, called "Rosamund Gray"; a dramatic sketch, named "John Woodvil"; a "Farewell Ode to Tobacco," with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume. He died, 18—, much lamented.

Witness his hand,

CHARLES LAMB.

18th April, 1827.



WIT AND WISDOM OF CHARLES LAMB.

AN EQUALITY NECESSARY TO ASSOCIATES.—As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.—[*The Old and the New Schoolmaster.*]

COUSIN JAMES ELIA.—Whereas mankind in general are observed to wrap their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humors, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a trav-

elling Quaker. He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,—and has a spirit that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom,—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready.—[*My Relations.*]

Cousin James Elia.—He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds,—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous,—and in age he discovered no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable

spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—[*My Relations.*]

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—Gebir, my old free-mason and prince of pliasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their luncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears? —cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!—[*All Fools' Day.*]

ON FOOLS.—I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally, as if I

were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearning towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness, of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins,—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted, or a friendship, that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding.—[*All Fools' Day.*]

CHILDREN.—Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The

restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other. Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labor of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's conversation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.—[*The Old and the New Schoolmaster.*]

Games of Chance.—She could not conceive a *game* wanting the sprightly infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and *ennui*.

Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants. — [*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*]

The Seat of the Affections.—In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the

contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling: "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal"; or putting a delicate question: "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance.—[*Valentine's Day.*]

"God Save the King."—I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising "*God save the King*" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.—[*A Chapter on Ears.*]

The Man and the Child.—If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have

for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious . . .; addicted to . . .; averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;— . . . besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door——but for the child Elia—that "other me," there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least color of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling, it was—how religious, how imaginative,

how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!—[*New Year's Eve.*]

A Game of Whist.—I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupa-

tion, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.—[*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*]

WHO IS ELIA?—Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humors of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humor, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigoes, cottons, raw silks,

piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place . . . and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books . . . not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation. It feels its promotion. . . . So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.—[*Oxford in the Vacation.*]

Curiosities in Literature.—Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unim-

peached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.—[*Oxford in the Vacation.*]

On Epitaphs.—More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters !—[*New Year's Eve.*]

On George Dyer.—For with G. D. to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord.

At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprized—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness of courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. commenced life after a course of hard study in the house of "pure Emanuel," as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at ——, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. ——— would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was

called together to even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Hagar's wish"—and the like—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.—[*Oxford in the Vacation.*]

BORROWERS.—Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a

liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! —What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!—[*The Two Races of Men.*]

The Composure of Quakers.—The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances.—I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straightest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments

were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudable—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious people for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate

as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigoes go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.—[*Imperfect Sympathies.*]

On Saying Grace.—I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Fairy Queen?*—[*Grace Before Meat.*]

The Sun-dial.—What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from

heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

> "Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
> Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!"

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. — [*The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.*]

Is Childhood Dead?—The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less Gothic in

appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?—[*The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.*]

A Character Sketch.—It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it. He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution; and L., who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him

with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlor, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of the window, and pulling down his ruffles — an ordinary motion with him—observed, "it was a gloomy day," and added, "Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary nicieties and embarrassments of conduct — from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. —[*The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.*]

The Evil of Disturbing a Child's Faith. —In my father's book-closet, the *History of the Bible*, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds —one of the ark, in particular, and another of

Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage from the situation which they occupied upon the upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candor. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an

end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long-coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. — [*Witches and Other Night Fears.*]

Credulity.—Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength.—[*Witches and Other Night Fears.*]

On Quakers.—The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.—[*Grace Before Meat.*]

Two Methodist Divines.—I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short

prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.—[*Grace Before Meat.*]

Italian Opera.—I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of

endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.—[*A Chapter on Ears.*]

THE ORATORIO.—I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment;* or like that—

> "———Party in a parlor,
> All silent, and all DAMNED!"—
>
> [*A Chapter on Ears.*]

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my ap-

prehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*—[*A Chapter on Ears.*]

A Wife's Treatment of Her Husband's Friend.—These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of

which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. ——— did not come home till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behavior

and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ——

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.—[*A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.*]

On Loving Children.—I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog"; that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted

when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him, provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se;* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look

and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.—[*A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.*]

Imagining a Distant Country.—I cannot imagine to myself whereabout you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves.* I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites do? are they th**v*ng all day long? Merciful heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *à priori;* but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a

pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony.—[*Distant Correspondents.*]

The Prominence of the Moral Point.—We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is everything; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we recognize ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment.—[*On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century.*]

The Commonness of Children.—When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have

them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——[*A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.*]

On Exchanging Presents.—I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely

as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good favors, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an insensibility.—[*A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.*]

Married People.—But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first

homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners ; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words ; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know that I am not ; I do not want this perpetual reminding.—[*A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.*]

Chimney-Sweeps.—I like to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal

washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.—[*The Praise of Chimney Sweepers.*]

A Street Scene.—I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter

but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth —but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content,

if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.—[*The Praise of Chimney Sweepers.*]

A Character Sketch.—F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen—grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!) which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versâ*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like *verse verse.* By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St. Andrew's has to bestow.—[*My First Play.*]

Puns.—A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more

transmit it in its pristine flavor, than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days' old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?—[*Distant Correspondents.*]

A Woman's Character.—What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—

and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation ; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*—[*Modern Gallantry.*]

CONSISTENT GALLANTRY.—Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had

not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women ; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood.* I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we could afford to show our grandams. He was the

Preux Chevalier of Age ; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.—[*Modern Gallantry.*]

Respect for Woman.—I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry ; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score ; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction.—[*Modern Gallantry.*]

THE SCOTCH TEMPERAMENT.—Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female, after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ———. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked *My Beauty* (a foolish name it goes by among my friends), when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—[*Imperfect Sympathies.*]

LACK OF HUMOR IN SCOTCHMEN.—I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the

father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive.—[*Imperfect Sympathies.*]

Scotch Character.—I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of

Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always, as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries, as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is

born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either.

Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. . . . He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!"—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle,—"did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book."—[*Imperfect Sympathies.*]

Blue China.—I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance

cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deep blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the other side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-

extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.—[*Old China.*]

VACATIONS.—I am fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighborhood of Henley affords in abundance, upon the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering-place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at —Margate. That was our first seaside experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

A Scene in a Crowd.—I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was jostling in with me at the pit-door of Covent Garden Theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in *Hamlet.* I had been invited, quite unexpectedly, to join a party, whom I met near the door of the play-house, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens' *Shakespeare*, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamplight. The clamor became universal. "The affectation of the fellow," cried one. "Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa," squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. "He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand," exclaimed a

pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved as Saint Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins mopping and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight as if he were the sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.—[*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*]

The Poor Relation.—A poor relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable

dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.—[*Poor Relations.*]

A Spinner of Yarns.—With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half

story-tellers (a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, daylight depredations upon his neighbor's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

A Damaged Colossus.—His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question

had been destroyed long since"; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed, as it were by the extreme candor of that concession.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

THE SMUGGLER.—I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

DISLIKE OF THE SEA-SHORE. — I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the seas, shifting like the colors of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains,

as of iron. My thoughts are abroad.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

Affectation of Town Visitors.—But it is the visitants from town that come here to *say* that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their civilized tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in"? What are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves. All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place.—[*The Old Margate Hoy.*]

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree, at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?—[*Blakesmoor in H——shire.*]

A CHARACTER SKETCH.—Monoculus—for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of un-

fortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common-surfeit suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *Cannabis* outwardly. But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch-tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to detect the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelries, than in the shops and phials of the apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance;

and can tell if it be casual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and frequency of nightly divings has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application of warm blankets, friction, etc., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend, a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster, and showeth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In fine, Monoculus is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavor to save the

lives of others—his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D. —[*Amicus Redivivus.*]

Old English Sonnets. — The Sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very heyday of his blood. They were struck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation; for True Love thinks no labor to send out Thoughts upon the vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved. We must be lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum præcordia frigus*, must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious

vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by.—[*Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney.*]

An Amiable Juggler.—He was a juggler, who threw mist before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say "hand me the *silver* sugar tongs"; and before you could discover it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the urn" for a tea-kettle, or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that everything was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to

be *contained* at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.—[*Captain Jackson.*]

Captain Jackson.—There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself—to play the Bobadil at home, and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.—[*Captain Jackson.*]

Plays and Players.—I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had

the honor (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humored Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery, at Mr. Matthews', when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much), went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them —voice; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd and Parsons and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with ———; but I am growing a coxcomb.—[*Barbara S———.*]

Time and Eternity.—It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself.—[*The Superannuated Man.*]

AGE NOT RECKONED BY YEARS.—I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied to me, threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'T is a fair rule-of-three sum.—[*The Superannuated Man.*]

RETIRED LEISURE.—I am no longer . . . . . , clerk to the Firm of etc. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about—not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts,

has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.—[*The Superannuated Man.*]

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—But would'st thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.—[*Blakesmoor in H——shire.*]

CHILDHOOD.—The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the

feeder of love, and silence, and admiration.—[*Blakesmoor in H——shire.*]

Moral Philosophy.—Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy.—[*Barbara S——.*]

The Sick-Bed.—If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there! what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum.*—[*The Convalescent.*]

Selfishness of Invalids.—How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to

himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'T is the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.—[*The Convalescent.*]

THE ARMOR OF SICKNESS.—He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.—[*The Convalescent.*]

THE SICK MAN.—To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye, with which he is served—with the careless demeanor, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from

dignity, amounting to a despotism.—[*The Convalescent.*]

Sanity of True Genius.—So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them.—[*Sanity of True Genius.*]

Writing Jokes for the Newspapers.—Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder execution. "Man goeth forth to his work until

the evening"--from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the city; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with anything rather than business, it follows that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese--was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up and awake in. To speak more plainly, it is that time of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man whose occasions call him up so preposterously has to wait for his breakfast.—[*Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago.*]

The Actor Elliston.—Oh, it was a rich scene,—but Sir A—— C——, the best of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone

could do justice to it—that I was witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his "highest heaven"; himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the prettiest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how dare you," said her Manager—assuming a sensorial severity which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him—"how dare you, madam, withdraw yourself, without a notice,

from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, sir, but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when gathering up his features into one insignificant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these: "They have hissed *me*."—[*Ellistoniana.*]

A Newspaper Man.—F., without a guinea in his pocket, and having left not many in the pockets of his friends, whom he might command, had purchased (on tick doubtless) the whole and sole editorship, proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they were worth) of *The Albion*, from one Lovell; of whom we know nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern—for it had been sinking ever since its commencement, and could now reckon upon not more than a

hundred subscribers—F. resolutely determined upon pulling down the government in the first instance, and making both our fortunes by way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat go about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser coin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp-Office, which allowed no credit to publications of that side in politics. An outcast from politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation now was to write treason.—[*Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago.*]

Reminiscences of School.—Oh, how I remember our legs wedged into those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other; and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson, "Art improves Nature"; the still earlier pot-hooks and the hangers, some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript; the truant looks side-long to the garden, which

seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling which had almost turned my head, and which, to this day, I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of; our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot! What a world of little associated circumstances, pains, and pleasures, mingling their quotas of pleasure, arise at the reading of those few simple words,—"Mr. William Bird, an eminent writer, and teacher of languages and mathematics in Fetter Lane, Holborn!" —[*Captain Starkey.*]

An Artist.—My acquaintance with D. was in the outset of his art, when the graving tools, rather than the pencil, administered to his humble wants. Those implements, as is well known, are not the most favorable to the cultivation of that virtue, which is esteemed next to Godliness. He might "wash his hands in innocency," and so metaphorically "approach

an altar"; but his material puds were anything but fit to be carried to church. By an ingrained economy in soap—if it was not for pictorial effect rather—he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame round the picture, in which a dead white was the predominant color. This, with the addition of green spectacles made necessary by the impairment, which his graving labors by day and night (for he was ordinarily at them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four) had brought upon his visual faculties, gave him a singular appearance, when he took the air abroad; insomuch, that I have seen a crowd of young men and boys following him along Oxford Street with admiration not without shouts; even as the youth of Rome, we read in Vasari, followed the steps of Raphael with acclamations for his genius, and for his beauty, when he proceeded from his workshop to chat with cardinals and popes at the Vatican.—[*Recollections of a Royal Academician.*]

A PRECIOUS VOLUME.—Rummaging over the contents of an old stall at a half *book*, half *old-iron shop*, in an alley leading from Wardour Street to Soho Square, yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo which had been the strange delight of my infancy, and which I had lost sight of for more than forty years,—the *Queen-like Closet, or Rich Cabinet*, written by Hannah Woolly, and printed for R. C. and T. S., 1681; being an abstract of receipts in cookery, confectionery, cosmetics, needlework, morality, and all such branches of what were then considered as female accomplishments. The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo character himself) enforced with the assurance that his "own mother should not have it for a farthing less." On my demurring at this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vendor reinforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded: "And now," said he, "I have put my soul to it." Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a

level with its dearest relations; and depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph.—[*The Months.*]

The Schoolmaster.—I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone—especially while he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but, when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, where we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary chastisement was the bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now—the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened, at the inflicting end, into a shape resembling a pear, —but nothing like so sweet, with a delectable hole in the middle to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused instrument of torture, and the

malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous, but by no process can I look back upon this blister-raiser with anything but unmingled horror. To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings,—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But, boyish fears apart, Bird, I believe, was, in the main, a humane and judicious master.—[*Captain Starkey.*]

PROTESTANTS AND CHRISTIANS.—All Protestants are Christians; but I am a Protestant; *ergo*, etc.: as if a marmoset, contending to be a man, overleaping that term as too generic and vulgar, should at once roundly proclaim himself to be a gentleman. The argument would be, as we say, *exabundanti.* From whichever course this *excessus in terminis* proceeded, we can do no less than congratulate the

general state of Christendom upon the accession of so extraordinary a convert. Who was the happy instrument of the conversion we are yet to learn: it comes nearest to the attempt of the late pious Dr. Watts to Christianize the Psalms of the Old Testament. Something of the old Hebrew raciness is lost in the transfusion; but much of its asperity is softened and pared down in the adaptation.—[*The Religion of Actors.*]

Varied Religions.—Mr. Sinclair has joined the Shakers. Mr. Grimaldi, Sr., after being long a Jumper, has lately fallen into some whimsical theories respecting the fall of man; which he understands, not of an allegorical, but a *real tumble*, by which the whole body of humanity became, as it were, lame to the performance of good works. Pride he will have to be nothing but a stiff neck; irresolution, the nerves shaken; an inclination to sinister paths, crookedness of the joints; spiritual deadness, a paralysis; want of charity, a contraction in the fingers; despising of govern-

ment, a broken head; the plaster, a sermon; the lint to bind it up, the text; the probers, the preachers; a pair of crutches, the old and new law; a bandage, religious obligation: a fanciful mode of illustration, derived from the accidents and habits of his past calling *spiritualized*, rather than from any accurate acquaintance with the Hebrew text, in which report speaks him but a raw scholar. Mr. Elliston, from all we can learn, has his religion yet to choose; though some think him a Muggletonian.—[*The Religion of Actors.*]

A Play Entirely for Women Characters.—The effect was enchanting. We mean for once. We do not want to encourage these Amazonian vanities. Once or twice we longed to have Wrench bustling among them. A lady who sat near us was observed to gape for want of variety. To us it was delicate quintessence, an apple-pie made all of quinces. We remember poor Holcroft's last comedy, which positively died from the opposite excess; it was choked up with men, and perished from a re-

dundancy of male population. It had nine principal men characters in it, and but one woman, and she of no very ambiguous character. Mrs. Harlow, to do the part justice, chose to play it in scarlet.—[*New Pieces at the Lyceum.*]

THE LOTTERY.—The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed inquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which intervening period he had an imaginary twenty thousand locked up in his desk: and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds' interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? *Crede quod habes, et habes;* and the usufruct of such a capital is surely not dear at such a price. Some years ago, a gentleman in passing along Cheapside saw the figures 1069, of which number he was the sole proprietor, flaming on the window of a lottery-office as a capital prize. Somewhat flurried by this discovery, not less welcome than unexpected, he resolved to walk round St. Paul's that he might

consider in what way to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family; but, upon re-passing the shop he observed that the number was altered to 10,069, and, upon inquiry, had the mortification to learn that his ticket was a blank, and had only been stuck up in the window by a mistake of the clerk. This effectually calmed his agitation; but he always speaks of himself as having once possessed twenty thousand pounds, and maintains that his ten-minutes' walk round St. Paul's was worth ten times the purchase-money of the ticket. A prize thus obtained has, moreover, this special advantage,—it is beyond the reach of fate; it cannot be squandered; bankruptcy cannot lay siege to it; friends cannot pull it down, nor enemies blow it up; it bears a charmed life, and none of women born can break its integrity, even by the dissipation of a single fraction. Show me the property in these perilous times that is equally compact and impregnable. We can no longer become enriched for a quarter of an hour; we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all

our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the last of the lotteries.—[*The Illustrious Defunct.*]

On Hissing.—Seriously, *Messieurs the Public*, this outrageous way which you have got of expressing your displeasures is too much for the occasion. When I was deafening under the effects of it, I could not help asking what crime of great moral turpitude I had committed: for every man about me seemed to feel the offence as personal to himself: as something which public interest and private feelings alike called upon him in the strongest possible manner, to stigmatize with infamy.

The Romans, it is well known to you, Mr. Reflector, took a gentler method of marking their disapprobation of an author's work. They were a humane and equitable nation. They left the *furca* and the *patibulum*, the axe and the rods, to great offenders: for these minor and (if I may so term them) extra-moral offences, *the bent thumb* was considered as a sufficient sign of disapprobation,—*vertere pollicem;* as

the pressed thumb, premere pollicem, was a mark of approving.

I proceed with more pleasure to give you an account of a club to which I have the honor to belong. There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called *damned.* We meet on the anniversary of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expense of the public. The chief tenets which distinguish our society, and which every man among us is bound to hold for gospel, are—That the public, or mob, in all ages have been a set of blind, deaf, obstinate, senseless, illiterate savages. That no man of genius, in his senses, would be ambitious of pleasing such a capricious, ungrateful rabble. That the only legitimate end of writing for them is to pick their pockets; and, that failing, we are at full liberty to vilify and abuse them as much as ever we think fit.—[*On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres.*]

The Model Clerk.—He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his

employ ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which, in a counting-house such as we have been supposing, can be but small, he spendeth in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping ; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes unforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason, he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth :

> It 's a slovenly look
> To blot your book.
>
> —[*The Good Clerk.*]

Criticisms on Art.—Leonardo, from the one or two specimens we have of him in England, must have been a stupendous genius. I can scarce think he has had his full fame—he who

could paint that wonderful personification of the Logos, or second person of the Trinity, grasping a globe, late in the possession of Mr. Troward of Pall Mall, where the hand was, by the boldest licence, twice as big as the truth of drawing warranted; yet the effect, to every one that saw it, by some magic of genius was confessed to be not *monstrous*, but *miraculous* and *silencing*. It could not be gainsaid.—[*The Reynolds Gallery.*]

An Amusing Mistake.—How oddly it happens that the same sound shall suggest to the minds of two persons hearing it ideas the most opposite! I was conversing, a few years since, with a young friend upon the subject of poetry, and particularly that species of it which is known by the name of the Epithalamium. I ventured to assert that the most perfect specimen of it in our language was the Epithalamium of Spenser upon his own marriage.

My young gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of anything remotely connected with

the *belles-lettres*, expressed a degree of surprise, mixed with mortification, that he should never have heard of this poem; Spenser being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant.

I offered to show him the poem in the fine folio copy of the poet's works which I have at home. He seemed pleased with the offer, though the mention of the folio seemed again to puzzle him. But, presently after, assuming a grave look, he compassionately muttered to himself, "Poor Spencer!"

There was something in the tone with which he spoke these words that struck me not a little. It was more like the accent with which a man bemoans some recent calamity that has happened to a friend than that tone of sober grief with which we lament the sorrows of a person, however excellent and however grievous his afflictions may have been, who has been dead more than two centuries. I had the curiosity to inquire into the reasons of so uncommon an ejaculation. My young gentleman, with a more solemn tone of pathos than before,

repeated, "Poor Spencer!" and added, "He has lost his wife!"

My astonishment at this assertion rose to such a height, that I began to think the brain of my young friend must be cracked, or some unaccountable reverie had gotten possession of it. But, upon further explanation, it appeared that the word "Spenser"—which to you or me, reader, in a conversation upon poetry too, would naturally have called up the idea of an old poet in a ruff, one Edmund Spenser, that flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and wrote a poem called *The Faëry Queene*, with *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and many more verses besides—did, in the mind of my young friend, excite a very different and quite modern idea—namely, that of the Honorable William Spencer, one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this present poetical era, A.D. 1811.—[*On the Ambiguities Arising from Proper Names.*]

WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.—The causes which have prevented the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth

from attaining its full share of popularity are to be found in the boldness and originality of his genius. The times are past when a poet could securely follow the direction of his own mind into whatever tracts it might lead. A writer, who would be popular, must timidly coast the shore of prescribed sentiment and sympathy. He must have just as much more of the imaginative faculty than his readers as will serve to keep their apprehensions from stagnating, but not so much as to alarm their jealousy. He must not think or feel too deeply.

If he has had the fortune to be bred in the midst of the most magnificent objects of creation, he must not have given away his heart to them ; or if he have, he must conceal his love, or not carry his expressions of it beyond that point of rapture which the occasional tourist thinks it not overstepping decorum to betray, or the limit which that gentlemanly spy upon Nature, the picturesque traveller, has vouchsafed to countenance. He must do this, or be content to be thought an enthusiast.

If from living among simple mountaineers, from a daily intercourse with them, not upon the footing of a patron, but in the character of an equal, he has detected, or imagines that he has detected, through the cloudy medium of their unlettered discourse, thoughts and apprehensions not vulgar; traits of patience and constancy, love unwearied, and heroic endurance, not unfit (as he may judge) to be made the subject of verse, he will be deemed a man of perverted genius by the philanthropist who, conceiving of the peasantry of his country only as objects of a pecuniary sympathy, starts at finding them elevated to a level of humanity with himself, having their own loves, enmities, cravings, aspirations, etc., as much beyond his faculty to believe, as his beneficence to supply.

If from a familiar observation of the ways of children, and much more from a retrospect of his own mind when a child, he has gathered more reverential notions of that state than fall to the lot of ordinary observers, and, escaping from the dissonant wranglings of men, has tuned his lyre, though but for occasional

harmonies, to the milder utterance of that soft age,—his verses shall be censured as infantile by critics who confound poetry "having children for its subject" with poetry that is "childish," and who, having themselves perhaps never been *children*, never having possessed the tenderness and docility of that age, know not what the soul of a child is—how apprehensive! how imaginative! how religious!—[*Wordsworth's Excursion.*]

If Guy Faux had been Successful.—To assist our imagination, let us take leave to suppose (and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy) that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days. We better know what a House of Commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss. Let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the united members sitting in full conclave above; Faux just ready with his train and matches below,—in his hand a "reed tipt with fire." He applies the fatal engine——.

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose some lucky dog of a reporter, who had

escaped by miracle upon some plank of St. Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighboring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen (*quorum pars magna fuit*), for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*. We can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these :—

"A *Motion* was put and carried, that this House do *adjourn ;* that the Speaker *do quit the chair*. The House ROSE amid clamors for Order."

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount,—the Chair first, and then the benches ; and first the Treasury Bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion,—the Members, as it were, pairing off; Whigs and Tories taking

their friendly apotheosis together (as they did their sandwiches below in Bellamy's room). Fancy, in her flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators: she sees the awful seat of order mounting, till it becomes finally fixed, a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's chair,—the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls. St. Peter, at heaven's wicket, —No, not St. Peter,—St. Stephen, with open arms, receives his own.—[*Guy Faux.*]

The First Pun in Otaheite.—We know a merry captain, and co-navigator with Cook, who prides himself upon having planted the first pun in Otaheite. It was in their own language, and the islanders first looked at him, then stared at one another, and all at once burst out into a genial laugh. It was a stranger, and as a stranger they gave it welcome. Many a quibble of their own growth, we doubt not, has since sprung from that well-timed exotic. Where puns flourish, there must be no inconsiderable advance in civilization.—[*First Fruits of Australian Poetry.*]

A WOMAN'S VOICE.—Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is, for all the world, like that of a piping bullfinch; while, from her size and stature, you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth,—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution.—[*The Gentle Giantess.*]

The Gentle Giantess.—With more than man's bulk, her humors and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs,—being six feet high. She languisheth,—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin,—her fingers being capable of moulding a colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers, whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest and largest of thy sex, adieu! By what parting attribute may I salute thee, last and best of the Titanesses,—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood; not least, or least handsome, among Oxford's stately structures, — Oxford, who, in its deadest time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.—[*The Gentle Giantess.*]

A Story of Childhood.—When a child, I was once let loose, by favor of a nobleman's gardener, into his lordship's magnificent fruit-garden, with full leave to pull the currants and

the gooseberries; only I was interdicted from touching the wall-fruit. Indeed, at that season (it was the end of autumn), there was little left. Only on the south wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brickwork?) lingered the one last peach. Now, peaches are a fruit which I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. There is something to my palate singularly harsh and repulsive in the flavor of them. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted by an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it; till maddening with desire (desire I cannot call it) with wilfulness rather,—without appetite,—against appetite, I may call it,—in an evil hour, I reached out my hand and plucked it. Some few raindrops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed, stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit, whose sight rather than savor had tempted me, dropped from my hand never to be tasted. All the

commentators in the world cannot persuade me but that the Hebrew word, in the second chapter of Genesis, translated "apple," should be rendered "peach." Only this way can I reconcile that mysterious story.—[*The Last Peach.*]

A Mediocre Artist.—The Hopners, and the Lawrences, were his Vandykes, and his Velasquezes; and if he could make anything like them, he insured himself immortality. With such guides he struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sate down contented. If the features were but cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh, or oil-skin. For the thousand tints—the grains—which in life diversify the nose, the chin, the cheek—which a Reynolds can but coarsely counterfeit—he cared nothing at all about them. He left such scrupulosities to opticians and anatomists. If the features were but there, the character of course could not be far off. A lucky hit which he made in painting the very *dress* of a dressy

lady—Mrs. W—e—, whose handsome countenance also, and tall elegance of shape, were too palpable entirely to escape under any masque of oil, with which even D. could overlay them brought to him at once an influx of sitters, which almost rivalled the importunate calls upon Sir Thomas. A portrait he *did* soon after, of the Princess Charlotte, clenched his fame. He proceeded Academician. At that memorable conjuncture of time it pleased the Allied Sovereigns to visit England.—[*Recollections of a Late Royal Academician.*]

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.—Cleanliness, saith some sage man, is next to Godliness. It may be; but how it came to sit so very near, is the marvel. Methinks some of the more human virtues might have put in for a place before it. Justice—Humanity—Temperance—are positive qualities; the courtesies and little civil offices of life, had I been Master of the Ceremonies to that Court, should have sate above the salt in preference to a mere negation. I confess there is something wonderfully re-

freshing, in warm countries, in the act of ablution. Those Mahometan washings—how cool to the imagination! but in all these superstitions, the action itself, if not the duty, is voluntary. But to be washed perforce; to have a detestable flannel rag soaked in hot water, and redolent of the very coarsest coarse soap, ingrained with hard beads for torment, thrust into your mouth, eyes, nostrils—positively Burking you, under pretence of cleansing—substituting soap for dirt, the worst dirt of the two—making your poor red eyes smart all night, that they might look out brighter on the Sabbath morn (for their clearness was the effect of pain more than cleanliness), could this be true religion?—[*Saturday Night.*]

LETTERS.

On Martin Burney.—Martin Burney is as good and as odd as ever. We had a dispute about the word "heir," which I contended was pronounced like "air." He said that might be in common parlance; or that we might so

use it, speaking of the "Heir at Law," a comedy; but that in the law courts it was necessary to give it a full aspiration, and to say *Hayer;* he thought it might even vitiate a cause, if a counsel pronounced it otherwise. In conclusion, he "would consult Serjeant Wilde;" who gave it against him. Sometimes he falleth into the water; sometimes into the fire. He came down here, and insisted on reading Virgil's "Eneid" all through with me (which he did,) because a Counsel must know Latin. Another time he read out all the Gospel of St. John, because Biblical quotations are very emphatic in a Court of Justice. A third time he would carve a fowl, which he did very ill-favoredly, because "we did not know how indispensable it was for a barrister to do all those things well—those little things were of more consequence than we supposed." So he goes on, harassing about the way to prosperity, and losing it; with a long head, but somewhat a wrong one—harum-scarum. Why does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one: may be, he has tired him out.—[*To Mrs. Hazlitt, May 24, 1830.*]

William the IVth.—Long live William the IVth !

S. T. C. says we have had wicked kings, foolish kings, wise kings, good kings (but few,) but never till now have we had a blackguard king.

Charles the Second was profligate, but a gentleman.—[*To Barton, June 28, 1830.*]

On Bankrupts.—Half the world's misery (Eden else) is owing to want of money, and all that want is owing to bankrupts. I declare I would, if the state wanted practitioners, turn hangman myself, and should have great pleasure in hanging the first bankrupt after my salutary law should be established.—[*To Barton, Dec. 8, 1829.*]

On Debtors.—I will tell you honestly, B. B., that it has been long my deliberate judgment that all bankrupts, of whatsoever denomination, civil or religious, ought to be hanged. The pity of mankind has for ages run in a wrong channel, and has been diverted from poor creditors—

(how many I have known sufferers! Hazlitt has just been defrauded of £100 by his book-seller-friends breaking)—to scoundrel debtors. I know all the topics—that distress may come upon an honest man without his fault; that the failure of one that he trusted was his calamity, etc. Then let *both* be hanged. O how careful it would make traders! These are my deliberate thoughts, after many years' experience in matters of trade. What a world of trouble it would have saved you, if Friend —— had been immediately hanged, without benefit of clergy, which (being a Quaker I presume) he could not reasonably insist upon. Why, after slaving twelve months in your assign-business, you will be enabled to declare 7d. in the pound in all human probability. B. B., he should be *hanged*. Trade will never re-flourish in this land till such a law is established.—[*To Barton, Dec. 8, 1829.*]

ARRESTED BENEVOLENCE. — When Miss Ouldcroft (who is now Mrs. Beddome, and Bed—dom'd to her) was at Enfield, which she was in summer time, and owed her health to its

suns and genial influences, she visited (with young ladylike impertinence) a poor man's cottage that had a pretty baby (O the yearnling !) gave it fine caps and sweetmeats. On a day, broke into the parlor our two maids uproarious. "O ma'am, who do you think Miss Ouldcroft (they pronounce it Holcroft) has been working a cap for?" "A child," answered Mary, in true Shandean female simplicity. "'T is the man's child as was taken up for sheep-stealing." Miss Ouldcroft was staggered, and would have cut the connection, but by main force I made her go and take her leave of her *protégée*, I thought, if she went no more, the Abactor or the Abactor's wife (*vide* Ainsworth) would suppose she had heard something, and I have delicacy for a sheep-stealer. The overseers actually overhauled a mutton pie at the baker's (his first, last, and only hope of mutton pie,) which he never came to eat, and thence inferred his guilt.—[*To Procter, Jan. 29, 1829.*]

His Character for Veracity.—The more my character comes to be known, the less my

veracity will come to be suspected. Time every day clears up some suspected narrative of Herodotus, Bruce, and others of us great travellers. Why, that Joseph Paice was as real a person as Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter. A careful observer of life, Bernard, has no need to invent. Nature romances it for him.—[*To Barton, Feb. 25, 1830.*]

Folding Letters.—I am the worst folder-up of a letter in the world, except certain Hottentots, in the land of Caffre, who never fold up their letters at all, writing very badly upon skins, etc.—[*To Mrs. Williams, April 2, 1830.*]

Country Villages.—O never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half-a-dozen apples, and two penn'orth of overlooked gin-

ger-bread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street; and, for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show-picture is a last year's Valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled,—(marry, they just begin to be conscious of the *Redgauntlet*:)—to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry stock-brokers; the passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping, too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street.—[*To Wordsworth, Jan. 22, 1830.*]

A Conversation in a Coach.—The incidents of our journey were trifling, but you bade us tell them. We had then in the coach a rather talkative gentleman, but very civil all the way; and took up a servant maid at Stamford going to a sick mistress. To the latter a participation in the hospitalities of your nice rusks and sandwiches proved agreeable, as it

did to my companion, who took merely a sip of the weakest wine and water with them. The former engaged me in a discourse for full twenty miles, on the probable advantages of steam carriages, which, being merely problematical, I bore my part in with some credit, in spite of my totally un-engineer-like faculties. But when, somewhere about Stanstead, he put an unfortunate question to me, as to "the probability of its turning out a good turnip season," and when I, who am still less of an agriculturist than a steam philosopher, not knowing a turnip from a potato ground, innocently made answer, "I believe it depends very much upon boiled legs of mutton," my unlucky reply set Miss Isola a laughing to a degree that disturbed her tranquillity for the only moment in our journey. I am afraid my credit sank very low with my other fellow-traveller, who had thought he had met with a *well-informed passenger*, which is an accident so desirable in a stage coach. We were rather less communicative, but still friendly, the rest of the way.—[*To Mrs. Williams, April 2, 1830.*]

SOUTHEY'S DIALOGUES.—To get out of home themes, have you seen Southey's *Dialogues?* His lake descriptions, and the account of his library at Keswick, are very fine. But he need not have called up the ghost of More to hold the conversations with; which might as well have passed between A and B, or Caius and Lucius. It is making too free with a defunct Chancellor and Martyr.—[*To Barton, July 3, 1829.*]

ON HIS NEW DOMESTIC.—And to make me more alone, our ill-tempered maid is gone, who, with all her airs, was yet a home-piece of furniture, a record of better days. The young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing. And I have no one here to talk over old matters with. Scolding and quarrelling have something of familiarity, and a community of interest; they imply acquaintance; they are of resentment, which is of the family of dearness.

I can neither scold nor quarrel at this insignificant implement of household services: she

is less than a cat, and just better than a deal dresser.—[*To Barton, July 3, 1829.*]

On Albums.—We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be "headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums." I fled hither to escape the albumean persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours when the daughter of the next house came in with a friend's album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated that she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. "If I take the wings of the morning" and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will albums be. New Holland has albums. But the age is to be complied with.—[*To Procter, Jan. 19, 1829.*]

Cats and Homer.—I never knew before how the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written. 'T is strikingly corroborated by observations on Cats. These domestic animals, put 'em on a rug before the fire, wink their eyes up, and listen to

the kettle, and then purr, which is *their* poetry.—[*To Coleridge, 1829.*]

On Monuments.—Monuments to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. *We should be modest for a modest man*—as he is for himself. The vanities of life—art, poetry, skill military—are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Was I Clarkson, I should never be able to walk or ride near the spot again. Instead of bread, we are giving him a stone. Instead of the locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends (that is, himself) blow to the world, "What a good man is he!"—[*To Mrs. Montagu, 1828.*]

A Fine Edition of Bunyan.—A splendid edition of "Bunyan's Pilgrim"! Why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle-hat and staff transformed to a smart cock'd beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice

gray, to the last Regent Street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely but good a style as possible. The Vanity Fair, and the Pilgrims there—the silly-soothness in his setting-out countenance—the Christian Idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; the lions, so truly allegorical, and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's; the great head (the author's) capacious of dreams and similitudes, dreaming in the dungeon. Perhaps you don't know my edition, what I had when a child. If you do, can you bear new designs from Martin, enamelled into copper or silver plate by Heath, accompanied with verses from Mrs. Hemans' pen, O how unlike his own.—[*To Barton, Oct. 11, 1828.*]

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.—Dear Cowden — Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to imply you had. Nor do I

want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away. What damn'd Unitarian skewer-soul'd things the general biographies turn out!—[*To Cowden Clarke, Feb. 2, 1829.*]

A CRITICISM ON A PAINTING.—Dear Raffaele Haydon—Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnous. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like Bucks came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint; I plebeian'd off therefore.—[*To B. R. Haydon, March, 1827.*]

"WET OR WALKY."—My heart sometimes is good, sometimes bad about it, as the day turns out wet or walky.

Emma has just died, choked with a Gerund-in-dum. On opening her, we found a Particle-in-rus in the pericardium. The King never dies,

which may be the reason that it always *reigns* here.—[*To Dibdin, Sept. 13, 1827.*]

Delicacy of Feeling.—As my poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favorite; and he almost apologized for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow she was "Welcome to come and look at it"—*e. g., at his house*—"as often as she pleased." There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just *reading* enough from the backs of books for the "nec sinit esse feros"; had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy.—Thus you have a tale for a Sonnet.—[*To Barron Field, October 4, 1827.*]

Religion and Good Words.—There may be too much, not religion, but too many *good*

words in a book, till it becomes, as Sh—— says of religion, a rhapsody of words.—*To Barton, Dec. 5, 1828.*]

A Good Man.—And yet I am accounted by some people a good man! How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, etc., your business is done. I know things (thoughts or things, thoughts *are* things) of myself, which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once . . ., and set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a mass of sea-weeds,—a pretty little feeler. Oh pah! how sick I am of that! and a lie, a mean one, I once told!—I stink in the midst of respect. I am much hypt.—[*To Barton, Feb. 25, 1824.*]

Financial Experiments.—Taylor and Hessey finding their magazine goes off very heavily at 2s. 6d. are prudently going to raise their price another shilling; and having already more authors than they want, intend to increase the

number of them. If they set up against the *New Monthly* they must change their present hands. It is not tying the dead carcass of a Review to a half-dead Magazine will do their business. It is like George Dyer multiplying his volumes to make 'em sell better. When he finds one will not go off, he publishes two; two stick, he tries three; three hang fire, he is confident that four will have a better chance.—[*To Barton, Dec. 1, 1824.*]

On the Death of Byron.—So we have lost another poet. I never much relished his Lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, and I never can make out his great *power* which his admirers talk of. Why, a line of Wordsworth's is a lever to lift the immortal spirit! Byron can only move the spleen. He was at best a Satyrist,—in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice; but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the

Radicals, "If they don't like their Country, damn 'em, let 'em leave it," they possessing no rood of ground in England, and he 10,000 acres. Byron was better than many Curtises.—[*To Barton, April, 1824.*]

RINGING IN THE EARS.—I have had my head and ears stuffed up with the East winds : a continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or the spheres touched by some raw angel. Is it not George the Third trying the Hundredth Psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge, writing to me a week or two since, begins his note—"Summer has set in with its usual severity."—[*To Barton, May 16, 1826.*]

PUNS.—I never knew an enemy to puns who was not an ill-natured man. Your fair critic in the coach reminds me of a Scotchman who assured me he did not see much in Shakespeare, I replied, I dare say *not*. He felt the equivoke, looked awkward and reddish, but soon returned to the attack by saying that he thought Burns

was as good as Shakespeare. I said that I had no doubt he was—to a *Scotchman*. We exchanged no more words that day.—[*To J. B. Dibdin, June, 1826.*]

A Tiny Church.—And go to the little church which is a very Protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit who was at once parishioner and a whole parish. It is not too big. Go in the night; bring it away in your portmanteau, and I will plant it in my garden. It must have been erected in the very infancy of British Christianity, for the two or three first converts; yet with it all the appertenances of a church of the first magnitude—its pulpit, its pews, its baptismal font; a cathedral in a nutshell. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian Chapel. The minister that divides the Word there must give lumping pennyworths. It is built to the text of "two or three assembled in my name." It reminds me of the grain of mustard-seed. If the glebeland is proportionate it may yield two potatoes. Tithes out of it could be no more split than a

hair. Its First fruits must be its Last, for 't would never produce a couple. It is truly the strait and narrow way, and few there be (of London visitants) that find it. The still small voice is surely to be found there, if anywhere. A sounding-board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for 't would feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. *Go and see, but not without your spectacles.*—[*To J. B. Dibdin, June 14, 1826.*]

Poets as Critics.—I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore,—half the poetry of England constellated and clustered in Gloucester Place! It was a delightful evening. Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious. I have known the best

of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors.—[*To Barton, March 5, 1823.*]

On Edward Irving.—I have got acquainted with Mr. Irving, the Scotch preacher, whose fame must have reached you. He is an humble disciple at the foot of Gamaliel, S. T. C. Judge how his own sectarists must stare, when I tell you he has dedicated a book to S. T. C., acknowledging to have learnt more of the nature of faith, Christianity, and Christian Church from him than from all the men he ever conversed with! He is a most amiable, sincere, modest man in a room, this Boanerges in the temple. Mrs. Montagu told him the dedication would do him no good. "That shall be a reason for doing it," was his answer. Judge, now, whether this man be a quack.—[*To Leigh Hunt, 1824.*]

Don Quixote. — Quixote is the father of gentle ridicule, and at the same time the very

depository and treasury of chivalry and highest notions. Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun, and put him upon writing that unfortunate Second Part with the confederacies of that unworthy duke and most contemptible duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct to his understanding.—[*To Southey, Aug. 10, 1825.*]

BLAKE'S DRAWINGS.—Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the Robert Blake, whose wild designs accompany a splendid folio edition of the *Night Thoughts*, which you may have seen, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human form floating off, God knows how, from a lumpish mass (fac-simile to itself) left behind on the dying bed. He paints in water colors marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. They have great merit. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon—he has seen the Beautifullest, the strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from

the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory (I have seen his paintings), and asserts them to be as good as the figures of Raphael and Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-visions and prophetic visions with themself [himself].—[*To Barton, April, 1824.*]

MAKING CALLS.—But indeed I am ill at these ceremonious inductions. I fancy I was not born with a call on my head, though I have brought one down upon it with a vengeance. I love not to pluck that sort of fruit crude, but to stay its ripening into visits.—[*To Procter, Nov. 11, 1824.*]

SHELLEY.—I can no more understand Shelley than you can. His poetry is "thin sown with profit or delight." Yet I must point to your notice a sonnet conceived and expressed with a witty delicacy. It is that addressed to one who hated him, but who could not persuade him to hate *him* again. His coyness to the other's passion—(for hate demands a return as

much as love, and starves without it)—is most arch and pleasant. Pray, like it very much. For his theories and nostrums, they are oracular enough; but I either comprehend 'em not, or there is "miching malice" and mischief in 'em, but, for the most part, ringing with their own emptiness. Hazlitt said well of 'em—"Many are the wiser and better for reading Shakespeare, but nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Shelley."—[*To Barton, Aug., 1824.*]

Silent Scripture.—No book can have too much of silent Scripture in it; but the natural power of a story is diminished when the uppermost purpose in the writer seems to be to recommend something else, *viz.*: Religion. You know what Horace says of the *Deus intersit.*—[*To Barton, Jan. 23, 1824.*]

On Sunday.—I am sure I cannot fill a letter, though I should disfurnish my skull to fill it; but you expect something, and shall have a notelet. Is Sunday, not divinely speaking, but humanly and holidaysically, a blessing? Without its institution, would our rugged task-mas-

ters have given us a leisure day, so often, think you, as once in a month? or, if it had not been instituted, might they not have given us every sixth day? Solve me this problem. If we are to go three times a day to church, why has Sunday slipped into the notion of a *holli*day? A HOLYday I grant it. The Puritans, I have read in Southey's book, knew the distinction. They made people observe Sunday rigorously, would not let a nursery-maid walk out in the fields with children for recreation on that day. But *then*—they gave the people a holiday from all sorts of work every second Tuesday. This was giving to the two Cæsars that which was *his* respective. Wise, beautiful, thoughtful, generous legislators! Would Wilberforce give us our Tuesdays? No: (d—n him!)—he would turn the six days into sevenths.—[*To Barton, April, 1824.*]

A "DAY-MARE."—Do you know what it is to succumb under an unsurmountable day-mare—"a whoreson lethargy," Falstaff calls it,—an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything,

—a total deadness and distaste, a suspension of vitality,—an indifference to locality,—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness,—an ossification all over,—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events,—a mild stupor,—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes. This has been for many weeks my lot and my excuse. My fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world; life is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I in-

hale suffocation ; I can't distinguish veal from mutton ; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality ; yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it?" I have not volition enough to dot my *i*'s, much less to comb my eyebrows ; my eyes are set in my head ; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they 'd come back again ; my skull is a Grub Street attic, to let—not so much as a joint-stool or a crack'd jordan left in it ; my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. O for a vigorous fit of gout, cholic, toothache,—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs! Pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life ; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold,—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I

can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse, instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

It is just fifteen minutes after twelve. Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps; Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waist-coat. The Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns; but in consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the town, finally closes.—[*To Barton, Jan. 9, 1824.*]

"The Longest Liver."—You are too much apprehensive of your complaint: I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now that his liver was

gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two.—[*To Barton, Nov. 22, 1823.*]

On H. F. Cary.—I hope you transmitted the Fox-Journal to its owner, with suitable thanks. Mr. Cary, the Dante-man, dines with me to-day. He is a model of a country parson, lean (as a curate ought to be), modest, sensible, no obtruder of church dogmas, quite a different man from Southey. You would like him. Pray accept this for a letter, and believe me, with sincere regards.—[*To Barton, Sept. 2, 1823.*]

A Church at Hastings.—The best thing I lit upon by accident was a small country church (by whom or when built unknown), standing bare and single in the midst of a grove, with no house or appearance of habitation within a quarter of a mile, only passages diverging from it through beautiful woods to so many farmhouses. There it stands like the first idea of a church, before parishioners were thought of, nothing but birds for its congregation; or like a hermit's oratory (the hermit dead), or a

mausoleum; its effect singularly impressive, like a church found in a desert isle to startle Crusoe with a home image. You must make out a vicar and a congregation from fancy, for surely none came there; yet it wants not its pulpit, and its font, and all the seemly additaments of *our* worship.—[*To Barton, July 10, 1823.*]

On Southey's Criticism.—Southey has attacked *Elia* on the score of infidelity, in the *Quarterly* article, *Progress of Infidelity.* I had not, nor have seen the *Monthly.* He might have spared an old friend such a construction of a few careless flights, that meant no harm to religion. If all *his* unguarded expressions on the subject were to be collected——! But I love and respect Southey, and will not retort. I hate his review, and his being a reviewer. The hint he has dropped will knock the sale of the book on the head, which was almost at a stop before. Let it stop,—there is corn in Egypt, while there is cash at Leadenhall. You and I are something besides being writers, thank God!—[*To Barton, July 10, 1823*].

Benefit of Ignorance.—The best thing in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can, as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the entire inner construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabout the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood an idle whimsey of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like bad humors. Those medical gentries choose each his favorite part; one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refer to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tampering with hard terms of art—viscosity, scirrhosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by

long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors! Think how long the Lord Chancellor sits! Think of the brooding hen!—[*To Barton, Nov. 22, 1823.*]

His Tender Conscience.—Dear B. B.—I am ashamed at not acknowledging your kind little poem, which I must needs like much; but I protest I thought I had done it at the moment. Is it possible a letter has miscarried? Did you get one in which I sent you an extract from the poems of Lord Stirling? I should wonder if you did, for I sent you none such. There was an incipient lie strangled in the birth. Some people's conscience is so tender! But, in plain truth, I thank you very much for the verses. I have a very kind letter from the Laureate, with a self-invitation to come and shake hands with me. This is truly handsome and noble. 'Tis worthy of my old idea of Southey. Shall not I, think you, be covered with a red suffusion.—[*To Barton, Nov. 22, 1823.*]

Giving up Smoking.—I design to give up smoking; but I have not yet fixed upon the

equivalent vice. I must have *quid pro quo* or *quo pro quid*, as Tom Woodgate would correct me.—[*To Hood, 1823.*]

On De Foe's Writings.—I have nothing of De Foe's but two or three novels and the *Plague History*. I can give you no information about him. As a slight general character of what I remember of them (for I have not looked into them latterly), I would say that in the appearance of *truth*, in all the incidents and conversations that occur in them, they exceed any works of fiction I am acquainted with. It is perfect illusion. The *author* never appears in these self-narratives (for so they ought to be called, or rather autobiographies), but the *narrator* chains us down to an implicit belief in everything he says. There is all the minute details of a log-book in it. Dates are painfully pressed upon the memory. Facts are repeated over and over in varying phases, till you cannot choose but believe them. It is like reading evidence given in a court of justice. So anxious the story-teller seems that the truth

should be clearly comprehended, then when he has told us a matter of fact or a motive, in a line or two farther down he *repeats* it, with his favorite figure of speech, "I say," so and so, though he had made it abundantly plain before. This is in imitation of the common people's way of speaking, or rather of the way in which they are addressed by a master or a mistress, who wishes to impress something upon their memories, and has a wonderful effect upon matter-of-fact readers. Indeed it is to such principally that he writes. His style is everywhere beautiful, but plain and *homely*. Robinson Crusoe is delightful to all ranks and classes, but it is easy to see that it is written in the phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower condition of readers; hence it is an especial favorite with seafaring men, poor boys, servant maids, etc. His novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy, from their deep interest, to find a shelf in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned. His passion for *matter-of-fact narrative* sometimes betrayed him into a long relation of common incidents,

which might happen to any man, and have no interest but the intense appearance of truth in them, to recommend them.—[*To Walter Wilson, Dec. 16, 1822.*]

FAUST.—I thoroughly agree with you as to the German *Faust* as far as I can do justice to it from an English translation. 'Tis a disagreeable canting tale of seduction, which has nothing to do with the spirit of Faustus—Curiosity. Was the dark secret to be explored to end in the seducing of a weak girl, which might have been accomplished by earthly agency? When Marlow gives *his* Faustus a mistress, he flies him at Helen, flower of Greece, to be sure, and not at Miss Betsy, or Miss Sally Thoughtless.

> "Cut is the branch that bore the goodly fruit,
> And wither'd is Apollo's laurel tree,
> Faustus is dead."
>
> —[*To Ainsworth, Dec. 9, 1823.*]

HOME.—Home is become strange, and will remain so yet awhile; home is the most unforgiving of friends, and always resents absence;

I know its old cordial looks will return, but they are slow in clearing up.—[*To Barton, July, 10, 1823.*]

On Pope's Portrait.—I have hung up Pope, and a gem it is, in my town room; I hope for your approval. Though it accompanies the *Essay on Man*, I think that was not the poem he is here meditating. He would have looked up, somehow affectedly, if he were just conceiving "Awake, my St. John." Neither is he in the *Rape of the Lock* mood exactly. I think he has just made out the last lines of the "Epistle to Jervis," between gay and tender,

"And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes."

I 'll be d——'d if that is n't the line. He is brooding over it, with a dreamy phantom of Lady Mary floating before him. He is thinking which is the earliest possible day and hour that she will first see it. What a miniature piece of gentility it is! Why did you give it me? I do not like you enough to give you any thing so good.—[*To Procter, April 13, 1823.*]

His Garden.—I heard of you from Mr. Pulham this morning, and that gave a fillip to my laziness, which has been intolerable; but I am so taken up with pruning and gardening, quite a new sort of occupation to me. I have gathered my jargonels, but my Windsor pears are backward. The former were of exquisite raciness. I do now sit under my own vine, and contemplate the growth of vegetable nature. I can now understand in what sense they speak of father Adam. I recognize the paternity while I watch my tulips. I almost fell with him, for the first day I turned a drunken gardener (as he let in the serpent) into my Eden, and he laid about him, lopping off some choice boughs, etc., which hung over from a neighbor's garden, and in his blind zeal laid waste a shade, which had sheltered their window from the gaze of passers-by. The old gentlewoman (fury made her not handsome) could scarcely be reconciled by all my fine words. There was no buttering her parsnips. She talked of the law. What a lapse to commit on the first day of my happy "garden-state!"—[*To Barton, Sept. 2, 1823.*]

On Almsgiving.—One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts: a look-beggar, not a verbal petitionist; and in the coxcombry of taught charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake; the ingratitude by which, under the color of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like; and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to the dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavor to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything.—[*To Coleridge, March 9, 1822.*]

LACK OF NEATNESS.—I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature anything but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. I never had a seal, too, of my own. Writing to a great man lately, who is moreover very heraldic, I borrowed a seal of a friend, who by the female side quarters the Protectorial arms of Cromwell. How they must have puzzled my correspondent! My letters are generally charged as double at the Post Office, from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure; so you must not take it disrespectful to yourself if I send you such ungainly scraps. I think I lose £100 a year at the India House, owing

solely to my want of neatness in making up accounts. How I puzzle 'em out at last is the wonder. I have to do with millions!!—[*To Barton, March 11, 1823.*]

On Dialect in Poetry.—In some of your story-telling ballads the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry *slang* of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustick Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. Transplant Arcadia to Helpstone. The true rustic style I think is to be found in Shenstone. Would his "Schoolmistress," the prettiest of poems, have been better if he had used quite the Goody's own language? Now and then a home rusticism is fresh and startling; but when nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. It may make folks smile and stare; but the ungenial coalition of barbarous with refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted, as you desire to be. Excuse my freedom, and take the same liberty with my *puns*.—[*John Clare, Aug. 31, 1822.*]

A "LYING MEMORY."—Is it a fatality in me, that everything I touch turns into a "lie"? I once quoted two lines from a translation of Dante, which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted it in a book as proof of the stupendous power of that poet; but no such lines are to be found in the translation, which has been searched for the purpose. I must have dreamed them, for I am quite certain I did not forge them knowingly. What a misfortune to have a lying memory!—[*To Barton, Feb. 17, 1823.*]

THE GENTLE GIANTESS.—Ask anybody you meet who is the biggest woman in Cambridge, and I 'll hold you a wager they 'll say Mrs. Smith. She broke down two benches in Trinity gardens, one on the confines of St. John's, which occasioned a litigation between the Societies as to repairing it. In warm weather she retires into an ice-cellar (literally!) and dates the returns of the years from a hot Thursday some twenty years back. She sits in a room with opposite doors and windows, to let

in a thorough draught, which gives her slenderer friends toothaches. She is to be seen in the market every morning, at ten, cheapening fowls, which I observe the Cambridge poulterers are not sufficiently careful to stump.—[*To Miss Wordsworth, May 25, 1820.*]

On Using Different Inks.—I will never write another letter with alternate inks. You cannot imagine how it cramps the flow of the style. I can conceive Pindar (I do not mean to compare myself to *him*), by the command of Hiero, the Sicilian tyrant (was not he the tyrant of some place? fie on my neglect of history!)—I can conceive him by command of Hiero or Perillus set down to pen an Isthmian or Nemean panegyric in lines, alternate red and black. I maintain he couldn't have done it; it would have been a straight-laced torture to his muse; he would have call'd for the bull for a relief. Neither could Lycidas, nor the Chorics (how do you like the word?) of Samson Agonistes, have been written with two inks. Your couplets, with points, epilogues to Mr. H.'s, etc., might

be even benefited by the twyfount, where one line (the second) is for point, and the first for rhyme. I think the alteration would assist, like a mould. I maintain it, you could not have written your stanzas on pre-existence with two inks. Try another; and Rogers, with his silver standish, having one ink only, I will bet my *Ode on Tobacco*, against the *Pleasures of Memory*,—and *Hope*, too, shall put more fervor of enthusiasm into the same subject than you can with your two; he shall do it *stans pede in uno*, as it were.—[*To Wordsworth, June 7, 1819.*]

RICHES.—Of time, health, and riches, the first in order is not last in excellence. *Riches are chiefly good because they give us time.*—[*To Barton, Oct. 9, 1822.*]

PLAY.—All work and no play dulls me. Company is not play, but many times hard work. To play, is for a man to do what he pleases, or to do nothing—to go about soothing his particular fancies.—*To Barton, Dec. 23, 1822.*]

The East India Company's Rules.—The Committee have formally abolish'd all holydays whatsoever—for which may the Devil, who keeps no holydays, have them in his eternal burning workshop. When I say holydays, I mean Calendar holydays, for at Medley's instigation they have agreed to a sort of scale by which the Chief has power to give leave of absence, *viz* :

Those who have been 50 years and upwards to be absent 4 days in the year, but not without leave of the Chief.

35 years and upward, 3 days,
25 years and upward, 2 days,
18 years and upward, 1 day,

which I think very Liberal. We are also to sign our name when we *go* as well as when we *come*, and every quarter of an hour we sign, to show that we are here. Mins and Gardner take it in turn to bring round the book—O here *is* Mins with the Book—no it's Gardner—"What's that, G.?" "The appearance book, Sir" (with a gentle inclination of his head, and smiling). "What the devil, is the quarter come again?"

It annoys Dodwell amazingly; he sometimes has to sign six or seven times while he is reading the Newspaper.—[*To John Chambers, 1818.*]

Acute Criticism of Byron.—It was quite a mistake that I could dislike anything you should write against Lord Byron; for I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius: he is great in so little a way. To be a Poet is to be the Man, not a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up in a permanent form of humanity. Shakespeare has thrust such rubbishly feelings into a corner,—the dark dusky heart of Don John, in the *Much Ado About Nothing*.—[*To Joseph Cottle, 1819.*]

On Shelley.—Shelley I saw once. His voice was the most obnoxious squeak I ever was tormented with, ten thousand times worse than the Laureate's, whose voice is the worst part about him, except his Laureateship. Lord Byron opens upon him on Monday in a parody (I suppose) of the *Vision of Judgment*, in which latter the Poet I think did not much show *his*.

To award his Heaven and his Hell in the presumptuous manner he has done, was a piece of immodesty as bad as Shelleyism.—[*To Barton, Oct. 9, 1822.*]

On Never Being Alone.—Evening company I should always like had I any mornings, but I am saturated with human faces (*divine* forsooth !) and voices all the golden morning; and five evenings in a week would be as much as I should covet to be in company; but I assure you that is a wonderful week in which I can get two, or one to myself. I am never C. L., but always C. L. and Co. He who thought it not good for man to be alone, preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself! I forget bed-time, but even there these sociable frogs clamber up to annoy me. Once a week, generally some singular evening that, being alone, I go to bed at the hour I ought always to be a-bed; just close to my bedroom window is the club-room of a public-house, where a set of singers, I take them to be chorus-singers of the two theatres (it must

be *both of them*), begin their orgies. They are a set of fellows (as I conceive) who, being limited by their talents to the burthen of the song at the play-houses, in revenge have got the common popular airs by Bishop, or some cheap composer, arranged for choruses; that is to be sung all in chorus. At least I never can catch any of the text of the plain song, nothing but the Babylonish choral howl at the tail on 't. "That fury being quenched"—the howl, I mean—a burden succeeds of shouts and clapping, and knocking of the table. At length overtasked nature drops under it, and escapes for a few hours into the society of the sweet silent creatures of dreams, which go away with mocks and mows at cockcrow. And then I think of the words Christabel's father used (bless me, I have dipt in the wrong ink!) to say every morning by way of variety when he awoke:

> "Every knell, the Baron saith,
> Wakes us up to a world of death."

or something like it. All I mean by this senseless interrupted tale is, that by central situa-

tion I am a little over-companied.—[*To Mrs. Wordsworth, February 18, 1818.*]

"If Petrarch had been Born a Fool."—Bye is about publishing a volume of poems which he means to dedicate to Matthie. Methinks he might have found a better Mecænas. They are chiefly amatory, others of them stupid, the greater part very far below mediocrity; but they discover much tender feeling; they are most like Petrarch of any foreign Poet, or what we might have supposed Petrarch would have written if Petrarch had been born a fool!—[*To John Chambers, 1818.*]

Bad Behavior on Solemn Occasions.—But there is a man in my office, a Mr. Hedges, who proses it away from morning to night, and never gets beyond corporal and material verities. He'd get these crack-brain metaphysics out of the young gentleman's head as soon as any one I know. When I can't sleep o' nights, I imagine a dialogue with Mr. Hedges, upon any given subject, and go prosing on in fancy with him,

till I either laugh or fall asleep. I have literally found it answer. I am going to stand godfather; I don't like the business; I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions; I shall certainly disgrace the font. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. Yet I can read about these ceremonies with pious and proper feelings. The realities of life only seem the mockeries.—[*To Southey, August 9, 1815.*]

On Relief from Routine Work.—If I do but get rid of auditing warehousekeepers' accounts and get no worse-harassing task in the place of it, what a lord of liberty I shall be! I shall dance and skip, and make mouths at the invisible event, and pick the thorns out of my pillow, and throw 'em at rich men's night-caps, and talk blank verse, hoity-toity, and sing—"A clerk I was in London gay," "Ban, ban, Ca-Caliban," like the emancipated monster, and

go where I like, up this street or down that alley.—[*To Wordsworth, August 9, 1815.*]

The Charms of City Life.—We are in the individual spot I like best, in all this great city. The theatres with all their noises. Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally certain of the earliest peas and 'sparagus. Bow street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits in the window working; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life.—[*To Miss Wordsworth, November 21, 1817.*]

A Whimsical Letter to a Friend in China.—Dear old Friend and absentee—This is Christmas Day 1815 with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the conse-

crated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savory grand Norfolcian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'T is our rosy-cheeked, homestalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of "Unto us a child is born," faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with the holy tide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chong-fo—and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is

come; and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed. Your friends have all got old—those you left blooming; myself (who am one of the few that remember you), those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and gray. Mary has been dead and buried many years: she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance. It was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last, together, we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds,

formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's Church is a heap of ruins; the Monument is n't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a ——, or a ——. For aught I see you might almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face. All your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is I believe the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new-vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripplegate churchyard. There

are some verses upon it written by Miss ——, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of them who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamors, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness; but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before. Poor Col., but two days before he died he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the *Wanderings of Cain*, in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of Time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends—benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the

wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognize you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things— . . . I suppose you heard that I had left the India House and gone into the Fishmongers' Almshouses over the bridge: I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. — [*To Manning, December 25, 1815.*]

An Obituary Poet.—Ditton-upon-Thames has been blessed by the residence of a poet, who for love or money—I do not well know which—has dignified every gravestone, for the last few years, with bran-new verses, all different, and all ingenious, with the author's name at the bottom of each. This sweet Swan of Thames has so artfully diversified his strains and his rhymes, that the same thought never occurs twice; more justly, perhaps, as no thought ever occurs at all, there was a physical impossibility that the same thought should recur.— [*To Wordsworth, October 19, 1810.*]

Mary's First Joke.—What 's the use of telling you what good things you have written, or —I hope I may add—that I know them to be good? *Apropos*—when I first opened upon the just mentioned poem, in a careless tone, I said to Mary, as if putting a riddle, "*What is good for a bootless bene?*" To which, with infinite presence of mind (as the jest-book has it), she answered, "a shoeless pea." It was the first joke she ever made.—[*To Wordsworth, 1815.*]

Borrowers of Books.—I have not bound the poems yet. I wait till people have done borrowing them. I think I shall get a chain and chain them to my shelves, *more Bodleiano*, and people may come and read them at chain's length. For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read but don't read; and some neither read nor meant to read, but borrow to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail

to make use of it.—[*To Wordsworth, April 9, 1816.*]

On His Own Library.—When I last wrote to you I was in lodgings. I am now in Chambers, No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the mandarins, with you. I have two sitting-rooms; I call them so *par excellence* for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them, but they are best for sitting; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous use of the —— which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, etc., rooms, on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humor. In my next best are shelves containing a small but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold, with brandy, and not very insipid without. Here I hope to set up my

rest, and not quit, till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen.—[*To Manning, January 2, 1810.*]

Puns and Punch.—Puns I have not made many (nor punch much) since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral; upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative.—[*To Manning, January 2, 1810.*]

On the Discomforts of Moving.—What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word "moving!" Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart: old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the

women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They 'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret. Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4, Inner Temple Lane—looks out upon a gloomy churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old.—[*To Manning, March 28, 1809.*]

Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.—Have you read *Cœlebs?* It has reached eight editions in so many weeks, yet literally it is one of the

very poorest sort of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it. Had the religion been high and flavored, it would have been something. I borrowed this *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, of a very careful, neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning :—

> " If ever I marry a wife
> I 'll marry a landlord's daughter,
> For then I may sit in the bar,
> And drink cold brandy and water."

—[*To Coleridge, June 7, 1809.*]

The End of a Letter.—Mary has left a little space for me to fill up with nonsense, as the geographers used to cram monsters in the voids of the maps, and call it *Terra Incognita*.—[*To Miss Wordsworth, August, 1810.*]

An Unaccustomed Author.—Mr. Dawe is turned author; he has been in such a way lately—Dawe, the painter, I mean—he sits and stands about at Holcroft's and says nothing;

then sighs and leans his head on his hand. I took him to be in love; but it seems he was only meditating a work,—*The Life of Morland.* The young man is not used to composition.—[*To Manning, Dec. 5, 1806.*]

HOOK AND I grinned like a Cheshire cat. (Why do cats grin in Cheshire?—Because it was once a country palatine, and the cats cannot help laughing whenever they think of it, though I see no great joke in it.) I said that Holcroft, on being asked who were the best dramatic writers of the day, replied, "HOOK AND I." Mr. Hook is author of several pieces, *Tekeli*, etc. You know what *hooks and eyes* are, don't you? They are what little boys do up their breeches with.—[*To Manning, February 26, 1808.*]

ON PUBLIC READING-ROOMS.—I think public reading-rooms the best mode of educating young men. Solitary reading is apt to give the head-ache. Besides, who knows that you *do* read? There are ten thousand institutions similar to the Royal Institution which have sprung up

from it. There is the London Institution, the Southwark Institution, the Russell Square Rooms Institution, etc. — *College quasi Conlege*, a place where people read together.—[*To Manning, February 26, 1808.*]

Wordsworth and Shakespeare.—Wordsworth, the great poet, is coming to town; he is to have apartments in the Mansion House. He says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind. Even Coleridge was a little checked at this hardihood of assertion.—[*To Manning, February 26, 1808.*]

A Woman-Hater.—Mrs.———grows every day in disfavor with me. I will be buried with this inscription over me :—"Here lies C. L., the woman hater": I mean that hated one woman: for the rest, God bless them!—[*To Manning, March 28, 1809.*]

On William Hazlitt.—Wm. Hazlitt is in town. I took him to see a very pretty girl, profes-

sedly, where there were two young girls (the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls); they neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered—but they were young girls—and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper, in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls; they drove him mad. So I took him home to my old nurse, where he recovered perfect tranquillity. Independent of this, and as I am not a young girl myself, he is a great acquisition to us. He is, rather imprudently I think, printing a political pamphlet on his own account, and will have to pay for the paper, etc. The first duty of an author, I take it, is never to pay anything. But *non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum.* The managers, I thank my stars, have settled that question for me.—[*To Wordsworth, June 26, 1805.*]

Nocturnal Visitors.—*N. B.*—Have taken a room at three shillings a week, to be in

between five and eight at night, to avoid my *nocturnal* alias *knock-eternal*, visitors. The first-fruits of my retirement has been a farce, which goes to manager to-morrow. *Wish my ticket luck.* God bless you; and do write.—Yours, *fumosissimus,* C. LAMB.

—[*To William Hazlitt, February 19, 1806.*]

TO A FRIEND IN PARIS.—Is any night-walk comparable to a walk from St. Paul's to Charing Cross, for lighting and paving, crowds going and coming without respite, the rattle of coaches, and the cheerfulness of shops? Have you seen a man guillotined yet? It is as good as hanging? Are the women *all* painted, and the men *all* monkeys? or are there not a *few* that look like *rational* of *both sexes?* —[*To Manning, February, 1803.*]

AN ADDITION TO THE LITANY.—Oh, that I had the rectifying of the Litany! I would put in a *libera nos (Scriptores videlicet) ab amicis!* That's all the news.—[*To Manning, February, 1803.*]

LANGUAGE NOT THE ONLY MEANS OF HUMAN INTERCOURSE.—Your letter was just what a letter should be, crammed, and very funny. Every part of it pleased me till you came to Paris; then your philosophical indolence, or indifference, stung me. You cannot stir from your rooms till you know the language! What the devil!—are men nothing but word-trumpets? Are men all tongue and ear? Have these creatures, that you and I profess to know *something about*, no faces, gestures, gabble, no folly, no absurdity, no induction of French education upon the abstract idea of men and woman, no similitude nor dissimilitude to English! Why, thou cursed Smellfungus! your account of your landing and reception, and Bullen, (I forget how you spell it, it was spelt my way in Harry the Eighth's time), was exactly in that minute style which strong impressions INSPIRE (writing to a Frenchman, I write as a Frenchman would). It appears to me as if I should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country.—[*To Manning, February, 1803.*]

A Visit to Coleridge.—And my final resolve was, a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time, being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunset, which transmuted all the mountains into colors, purple, etc., etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (and it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets), and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark, with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw,

etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais.—[*To Manning, September 24, 1802.*]

FRENCHMEN AND ENGLISHMEN.—What you assert concerning the actors of Paris, that they exceed our comedians, bad as ours are, is *impossible.* In one sense it may be true, that their fine gentlemen, in what is called genteel

comedy, may possibly be more brisk and *dégagé* than Mr. Caulfield, or Mr. Whitfield; but have any of them the power to move *laughter in excess?* or can a Frenchman *laugh?* Can they batter at your judicious ribs till they *shake*, nothing loth to be so shaken? This is John Bull's criterion, and it shall be mine. You are Frenchified. Both your tastes and morals are corrupt and preverted. By and by you will come to assert that Buonaparte is as great a general as the old Duke of Cumberland, and deny that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. Read *Henry the Fifth* to restore your orthodoxy.—[*To Manning, April 23, 1803.*]

Skiddaw and the Tourists.—We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a

light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy ; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks ; I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand

are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.—[*To Manning, September 24, 1802.*]

On Smoking.—What do you think of smoking? I want your sober, *average*, *noon opinion* of it. I generally am eating my dinner about the time I should determine it.

Morning is a girl, and can't smoke—she 's no evidence one way or the other; and Night is so evidently *bought over*, that he can't be a very upright judge. May be the truth is, that *one* pipe is wholesome, *two* pipes toothsome, *three* pipes noisome, *four* pipes fulsome, *five* pipes quarrelsome, and that 's the *sum* on 't. But that is deciding rather upon rhyme than reason. . . . After

all, our instincts *may* be best.—[*To Coleridge, April 23, 1803.*]

LOVE OF LONDON.—. . . I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the Town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the very impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons, cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The

wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you.—[*To Wordsworth, Jan. 30, 1801.*]

Lamb's Idea of Constancy.—Poor Sam. Le Grice! I am afraid the world, and the

camp, and the university, have spoilt him among them. 'T is certain he had at one time a strong capacity for turning out something better. I knew him, and that not long since, when he had a most warm heart. I am ashamed of the indifference I have sometimes felt towards him. I think the devil is in one's heart. I am under obligations to that man for the warmest friendship, and heartiest sympathy exprest both by word and deed and tears for me, when I was in my greatest distress. But I have forgot that! as, I fear, he has nigh forgot the awful scenes which were before his eyes when he served the office of a comforter to me. No service was too mean or troublesome for him to perform. I can't think what but the devil, "that old spider," could have suck'd my heart so dry of its sense of all gratitude. If he does come in your way, Southey, fail not to tell him that I retain a most affectionate remembrance of his old friendliness, and an earnest wish to resume our intercourse. In this I am serious. I cannot recommend him to your society, because I am afraid whether he

be quite worthy of it; but I have no right to dismiss him from *my* regard. He was at one time, and in the worst of times, my own familiar friend, and great comfort to me then. I have known him to play at cards with my father, meal-times excepted, literally all day long, in long days too, to save me from being teased by the old man, when I was not able to bear it.

God bless him for it, and God bless you, Southey.—[*To Southey, March 20, 1799.*]

Reviewing Books.—As to reviewing, in particular, my head is so whimsical a head, that I cannot, after reading another man's book, let it have been never so pleasing, give an account of it in any methodical way. I cannot follow his train. Something like this you must have perceived of me in conversation. Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at *parts;* but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be

seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader, however partial, can find any story.—[*To Godwin, November 10, 1803.*]

A Poetical Project.—I love this sort of poems that open a new intercourse with the most despised of the animal and insect race. I think this vein may be farther opened. Peter Pindar hath very prettily apostrophized a fly; Burns hath his mouse and his louse; Coleridge less successfully hath made overtures of intimacy to a jackass, therein only following at unresembling distance, Sterne, and greater Cervantes. Besides these, I know of no other examples of breaking down the partition between us and our "poor earth-born companions." It is sometimes revolting to be put in a track of feeling by other people, not one's own immediate thoughts, else I would persuade you, if I could (I am in earnest), to commence a series of animals' poems, which might have a tendency to rescue some poor creatures from the antipathy of mankind. Some thoughts come

across me : for instance—to a rat, to a toad, to a cockchafer, to a mole. People bake moles alive by a slow oven fire to cure consumption. Rats are, indeed, the most despised and contemptible parts of God's earth. I killed a rat the other day by punching him to pieces, and feel a weight of blood upon me to this hour. Toads you know are made to fly, and tumble down and crush all to pieces. Cockchafers are old sport. Then again, to a worm, with an apostrophe to anglers, those patient tyrants, meek inflictors of pangs intolerable, cool devils ; to an owl ; to all snakes, with an apology for their poison ; to a cat in boots or bladders. Your own fancy, if it takes a fancy to these hints, will suggest many more. A series of such poems, supposed to be accompanied with plates descriptive of animal torments, cooks roasting lobsters, fishmongers crimping skates, etc., etc., would take excessively. I willingly enter into a partnership in the plan with you ; I think my heart and soul would go with it too—at least, give it a thought. My plan is but this minute come into my head ; but it

strikes me instantaneously as something new, good, and useful, full of pleasure, and full of moral. If old Quarles and Wither could live again, we would invite them into our firm. Burns hath done his part.—[*To Southey, March 20, 1799.*]

A Visit to an Authoress.—You blame us for giving your direction to Miss Wesley. The woman has been ten times after us about it, and we gave it her at last, under the idea that no further harm would ensue; but she would *once* write to you, and you would bite your lips and forget to answer it, and so it would end. You read us a dismal homily upon "Realities." We know, quite as well as you do, what are shadows and what are realities. You, for instance, when you are over your fourth or fifth jorum, chirping about old school occurrences, are the best of realities. Shadows are cold, thin things, that have no warmth or grasp in them. Miss Wesley and her friend, and a tribe of authoresses that come after you here daily, and, in defect of you, hive and cluster upon us, are the

shadows. You encouraged that mopsey, Miss Wesley, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burs in the wind. I came t' other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of the author but *hunger* about me; and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss Wesley, one Miss Benjay or Benje; I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresscs, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. "The rogue has given me potions to make me love him." Well; go she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so familiar. We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pair of stairs

in East Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons —a kind of cake—much love. We sat down. Presently Miss Benjay broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from *D'Israeli*, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organization. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ, but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of my metaphysics; and, turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French,—possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering. She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute, and a hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in

a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion, that no good poetry had appeared since Dr. Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way, by the severity of his critical strictures in his *Lives of the Poets*. I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to *names*, but I was assured "it was certainly the case." Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. It seems Dr. Gregory, another of Miss Benjay's friends, has found fault with one of Miss More's metaphors. Miss More has been at some pains to vindicate herself,—in the opinion of Miss Benjay not without success. It seems the Doctor is invariably against the use of broken or mixed metaphor, which he reprobates, against the authority of Shakespeare himself. We next discussed the question, whether Pope was a poet? I find Dr. Gregory is of opinion he was not, though Miss Seward does not at all concur with him in this. We then sat upon the comparative merits of the ten translations of *Pizarro*, and Miss Benjay or Benje advised Mary

to take two of them home (she thought it might afford her some pleasure to compare them *verbatim*); which we declined. It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted, with a promise to go again next week, and meet the Miss Porters, who, it seems, have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet *us*, because we are *his* friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month, against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure.

Pray let us have no more complaints about shadows. We are in a fair way, *through you*, to surfeit sick upon them.—[*To Coleridge, 1800.*]

C. L.'s "Moral Sense."—C. L.'s moral sense presents her compliments to Dr. Manning, is very thankful for his medical advice, but is happy to add that her disorder has died of itself.

Dr. Manning, Coleridge has left us, to go into the North, on a visit to Wordsworth. With him have flown all my splendid prospects of engagement with the *Morning Post*, all my visionary guineas, the deceitful wages of unborn scandal. In truth, I wonder you took it up so seriously. All my intention was but to make a little sport with such public and fair game as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Fitzherbet, the Devil, etc.—gentry dipped in Styx all over, whom no paper-javelinlings can touch. To have made free with these cattle where was the harm? 't would have been but giving a polish to lamp-black, not nigrifying a negro primarily. After all, I cannot but regret my involuntary virtue. Damn virtue that 's thrust upon us; it behaves itself with such constraint, till conscience opens the window and lets out the goose. I had struck off two imitations of Burton, quite abstracted from any modern allusions, which it was my intent only to lug in from time to time to make 'em popular.—[*To Manning, October 5, 1800.*]

A PEN PORTRAIT OF RICKMAN.—I have made an acquisition latterly of a pleasant hand, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer, not the most flattering auspices under which one man can be introduced to another. George brings all sorts of people together, setting up a sort of agrarian law, or common property, in matter of society; but for once he has done me a great pleasure, while he was only pursuing a principle, as *ignes fatui may* light you home. This Rickman lives in our Buildings, immediately opposite our house; the finest fellow to drop in a' nights, about nine or ten o'clock—cold bread and cheese time—just in the *wishing* time of the night, when you *wish* for somebody to come in, without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious, nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand; a fine rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes;—himself hugely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon and Plato—can talk Greek

with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody; a great farmer, somewhat concerned in an agricultural magazine; reads no poetry but Shakespeare; very intimate with Southey, but never reads his poetry; relishes George Dyer; thoroughly penetrates into the ridiculous wherever found; understands the *first time* (a great desideratum in common minds)—you need never twice speak to him; does not want explanations, translations, limitations, as Professor Godwin does when you make an assertion; *up* to anything; *down* to every thing; whatever *sapit hominem.* A perfect *man.* All this farrago, which must perplex you to read, and has put me to a little trouble to *select*, only proves how impossible it is to describe a *pleasant hand.* You must see Rickman to know him, for he is a species in one; a new class; an exotic; any slip of which I am proud to put in my gardenpot; the clearest-headed fellow; fullest of matter, with least verbosity. If there be any alloy in my fortune to have met with such a man, it is that he commonly divides his time between

town and country, having some foolish family ties at Christchurch, by which means he can only gladden our London hemisphere with returns of light. He is now going for six weeks. —[*To Manning, November 3, 1800.*]

On Dr. Anderson.—George Dyer has introduced me to the table of an agreeable old gentleman, Dr. Anderson, who gives hot legs of mutton and grape pies at his sylvan lodge at Isleworth; where, in the middle of a street, he has shot up a wall most preposterously before his small dwelling, which, with the circumstance of his taking several panes of glass out of bed-room windows (for air), causeth his neighbors to speculate strangely on the state of the good man's pericranicks. Plainly, he lives under the reputation of being deranged. George does not mind this circumstance; he rather likes him the better for it. The Doctor, in his pursuits, joins agricultural to poetical science, and has set George's brains mad about the old Scotch writers, Barbour, Douglas' Æneid, Blind Harry, etc. We returned home

in a return postchaise (having dined with the Doctor), and George kept wondering and wondering, for eight or nine turnpike miles, what was the name, and striving to recollect the name of a poet anterior to Barbour. I begged to know what was remaining of his works. "There is nothing *extant* of his works, Sir; but by all account he seems to have been a fine genius"! This fine genius, without anything to show for it, or any title beyond George's courtesy, without even a name; and Barbour, and Douglas, and Blind Harry, now are the predominant sounds in George's *pia mater*, and their buzzings exclude politics, criticism, and algebra—the late lords of that illustrious lumber-room. Mark, he has never read any of these books, but is impatient till he reads them *all* at the Doctor's suggestion. Poor Dyer! his friends should be careful what sparks they let fall into such inflammable matter.—[*To Manning, August 22, 1800.*]

Ringing in the Head.—My head is playing all the tunes in the world, ringing such

peals ! It has just finished the *Merry Christ Church Bells*, and absolutely is beginning *Turn again, Whittington*, Buz, buz, buz, bum, bum, bum, wheeze, wheeze, wheeze, fen, fen, fen, tinky, tinky, tinky, *cr'annch.* I shall certainly come to be condemned at last. I have been drinking too much for two days running. I find my moral sense in the last stage of a consumption, and my religion getting faint. This is disheartening ; but I trust the devil will not overpower me. In the midst of this infernal larum, Conscience is barking and yelping as loud as any of them. I have sat down to read over again your satire upon me in the *Anthology*, and I think I do begin to spy out something like beauty and design in it. I perfectly accede to all your alterations, and only desire that you had cut deeper, when your hand was in.—[*To Coleridge, August 14, 1800.*]

On London.—For my part, with reference to my friends northward, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature.* The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said), is but as a house

to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print, over the mantelpiece, of old Nabbs the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles, George Dyers (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastrycooks' and silversmiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of "Fire!" and "Stop thief!"; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like

Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, "Jeremy Taylors," "Burtons on Melancholy," and "Religio Medicis," on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London! with thy many sins. O City, abounding in w . . ., for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang.—[*To Manning, Nov. 28, 1800.*]

On the German Language.—Write your *German* as plain as sunshine, for that must correct itself. You know I am *homo unius linguæ:* in English—illiterate, a dunce, a ninny.—[*To Coleridge, 1800.*]

On George Dyer.—George Dyer is an Archimedes, and an Archimagus, and a Tycho Brahe, and a Copernicus; and thou art the darling of the Nine, and midwife to their wandering babe also! We take tea with that learned poet and critic on Tuesday night, at half-past five, in his neat library. The repast will be light and Attic, with criticism. If thou couldst contrive to wheel up thy dear carcass on the Monday, and after dining with us on

tripe, calves' kidneys, or whatever else the Cornucopia of St. Clare may be willing to pour out on the occasion, might we not adjourn together to the Heathen's—thou with thy Black Back, and I with some innocent volume of the Bell Letters, Shenstone, or the like; it would make him wash his old flannel gown (that has not been washed to my knowledge since it has been *his*—Oh the long time!) with tears of joy. Thou shouldst settle his scruples and unravel his cobwebs, and sponge off the sad stuff that weighs upon his dear wounded *pia mater*. Thou shouldst restore light to his eyes, and him to his friends, and the public. Parnassus should shower her civic crowns upon thee for saving the wits of a citizen!—[*To Manning, 1800.*]

Truth and Sincerity.—Dear Manning—Olivia is a good girl, and if you turn to my letter you will find that this very plea you set up to vindicate Lloyd, I had made use of as a reason why he should never have employed Olivia to make a copy of such a letter!—a letter I could not have sent to my Enemy's B——, if

she had thought proper to seek me in the way of marriage. But you see it in one view, I in another. Rest you merry in your opinion! Opinion is a species of property; and though I am always desirous to share with my friend to a certain extent, I shall ever like to keep some tenets, and some property, properly my own. Some day, Manning, when we meet, substituting Corydon and fair Amaryllis, for Charles Lloyd and Mary Hayes, we will discuss together this question of moral feeling, "In what cases, and how far, sincerity is a virtue?" I do not mean Truth, a good Olivia-like creature, God bless her, who, meaning no offence, is always ready to give an answer when she is asked why she did so and so; but a certain forward-talking half-brother of hers, Sincerity, that amphibious gentleman, who is so ready to perk up his obnoxious sentiments unasked into your notice, as Midas would his ears into your face, uncalled for. But I despair of doing anything by a letter in the way of explaining or coming to explanations. A good wish, or a pun, or a piece of secret history, may be well enough that way

conveyed; nay, it has been known, that intelligence of a turkey hath been conveyed by that medium, without much ambiguity.—[*To Manning, 1800.*]

A New Coat.—My tailor has brought me home a new coat lapelled with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters; but to come upon me thus, in a full tide of luxury, neither becomes him as a tailor nor the ninth of a man. My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hempstead. The villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank-notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he addressed them with profound gratitude, making a con-

gee: "Gentlemen, I wish you good-night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill!" And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar! A cursed ninth of a scoundrel.—[*To Southey, November 18, 1798.*]

GENTLE ELIA.—For God's sake (I never was more serious) don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in a print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five years ago when I came to see you, and was moral coxcomb enough at the time you wrote the lines, to feed upon such epithets; but, besides that, the meaning of "gentle" is equivocal at best, and almost always means poor-spirited; the very quality of gentleness is abhorrent to such vile trumpetings. My *sentiment* is long since vanished. I hope my *virtues* have done *sucking*. I can scarce think but you meant it in joke. I hope you did, for I should be ashamed to believe that you could think to gratify me by such praise, fit only to be a cordial

to some green-sick sonneteer.—[*To Coleridge, August 6, 1800.*]

Coleridge as a Companion.—Dear Manning—I am living in a continuous feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks, and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him, and believe him a *very good man*, and all those foolish impressions to the contrary fly off like morning slumbers. He is engaged in translations, which I hope will keep him this month to come. He is uncommonly kind and friendly to me. He ferrets me day and night to *do something*. He tends me, amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupations, as a gardener tends his young *tulip*. Marry come up; what a pretty similitude, and how like your humble servant! He has lugged me to the brink of engaging to a newspaper, and has suggested to me, for a first plan, the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy. I have even written the introductory

letter; and if I can pick up a few guineas this way, I feel they will be most *refreshing*, bread being so dear.—[*To Manning, March 17, 1800.*]

On William Godwin.—Godwin I am a good deal pleased with. He is a very well-behaved, decent man; nothing very brilliant about him or imposing, as you may suppose; quite another guess sort of gentleman from what your anti-jacobin Christians imagine him. I was well pleased to find he has neither horn nor claws; quite a tame creature, I assure you: a middle-sized man, both in stature and in understanding; whereas, from his noisy fame, you would expect to find a Briareus Centimanus, or a Tityus tall enough to pull Jupiter from his heavens.—[*To Manning, 1800.*]

The Lord Mayor of London.—I shall anticipate all my play, and have nothing to show you. An idea for Leviathan: Commentators on Job have been puzzled to find out a meaning for Leviathan. 'T is a whale, say some; a crocodile, say others. In my simple conjecture,

Leviathan is neither more nor less than the Lord Mayor of London for the time being.—[*To Southey, April 20, 1799.*]

On Bishop Burnet's History.—My private goings on are orderly as the movements of the spheres, and stale as their music to angels' ears. Public affairs—except as they touch upon me, and so turn into private,—I cannot whip up my mind to feel any interest in. I grieve, indeed, that War, and Nature, and Mr. Pitt, that hangs up in Lloyd's best parlor, should have conspired to call up three necessaries, simple commoners as our fathers knew them, into the upper house of luxuries; bread, and beer, and coals, Manning. But as to France and Frenchmen, and the Abbé Sièyes and his constitutions, I cannot make these present times present to me. I read histories of the past, and I live in them; although, to abstract senses, they are far less momentous than the noises which keep Europe awake. I am reading Burnet's *History of His Own Times.* Did you ever read that garrulous,

pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when his "old cap was new." Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness, that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age, and out-lived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man—he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold, and unnatural, and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite! None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind: I can make the revolution present to me: the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me. To quit this tiresome subject, and to relieve

you from two or three dismal yawns, which I hear in spirit, I here conclude my more than commonly obtuse letter ; dull, up to the dulness of a Dutch commentator on Shakespeare.—[*To Manning, March 1, 1800.*]

Acute Criticism.—"Cousin Margaret," you know, I like. The allusions to the *Pilgrim's Progress* are particularly happy, and harmonize tacitly and delicately with old cousins and aunts. To familiar faces we do associate familiar scenes and accustomed objects : but what hath Apollidon and his sea-nymphs to do in these affairs? Apollyon I could have borne, though he stands for the Devil. But who is Apollidon? I think you are too apt to conclude faintly, with some cold moral, as in the end of the poem called *The Victory :*

"Be thou our comforter, who art the widow's friend" ;

a single commonplace line of comfort, which bears no proportion in weight or number to the many lines which describe suffering. This is to convert religion into mediocre feelings, which

should burn, and glow, and tremble. A moral should be wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency of a poem, not tagged to the end, like a "God send the good ship into harbor" at the conclusion of our bills of lading. The finishing of the *Sailor* is also imperfect. Any dissenting minister may say and do as much.

These remarks, I know, are crude and unwrought, but I do not lay much claim to accurate thinking. I never judge system-wise of things, but fasten upon particulars. After all, there is a great deal in the book that I must, for time, leave *unmentioned*, to deserve my thanks for its own sake, as well as for the friendly remembrances implied in the gift.—[*To Southey, March 15, 1799.*]

Theses Quædam Theologicæ.

I.

"Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?"

II.

"Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would?*"

III.

"Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the schoolmen term 'virtutes minus splendidæ et hominis et terræ nimis participes?'"

IV.

"Whether the seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a subcelestial, and merely human virtue?

V.

"Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneer?*"

VI.

"Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love anything besides pure intellect?"

VII.

"Whether the beatific vision be anything more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments, and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?"

VIII.

"Whether an 'immortal and amenable soul' may not come *to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?*"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge hath not deigned an answer. Was it impertinent of me to avail myself of that offered source of knowledge?

Wishing *Madoc* may be born into the world with as splendid promise as the second birth, or purification, of the Maid of Neufchatel,—I remain yours sincerely, C. LAMB.

[*To Southey, July 28, 1798.*]

PRIESTLEY'S SERMONS.—Coleridge! in reading your *Religious Musings* I felt a transient superiority over you. I *have* seen *Priestley.* I love to see his name repeated in your writings.

I love and honor him, almost profanely. You would be charmed with his *Sermons*, if you ever *read* 'em.—[*To Coleridge, 1796.*]

The Crutch of Benevolence.—Benevolence sets out on her journey with a good heart, and puts a good face on it, but is apt to limp and grow feeble, unless she calls in the aid of self-interest by way of crutch.—[*To Coleridge, Oct. 28, 1796.*]

The Expression of Affection.—But there is a monotony in the affections, which people living together, or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give in to; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise.—[*To Coleridge, Nov. 14, 1796.*]

Friendship.—'T is the privilege of friendship to talk nonsense, and to have her nonsense respected.—[*To Coleridge, Feb. 13, 1797.*]

Gratitude to Coleridge.—You have writ me many kind letters, and I have answered none

of them. I don't deserve your attentions. An unnatural indifference has been creeping on me since my last misfortunes, or I should have seized the first opening of a correspondence with *you*. To you I owe much, under God. In my brief acquaintance with you in London, your conversations won me to the better cause, and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you; as it is, I do possess a certain improvable portion of devotional feelings, though when I view myself in the light of divine truth, and not according to the common measures of human judgment, I am altogether corrupt and sinful. This is no cant. I am very sincere.—[*To Coleridge, Jan. 28, 1798.*]

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.—Priestley, whom I sin in almost adoring, speaks of "such a choice of company as tends to keep up that right bent and firmness of mind which a necessary intercourse with the world would otherwise warp and relax." "Such fellowship is the true balsam of life; its cement is infinitely more dura-

ble than that of the friendships of the world; and it looks for its proper fruit and complete gratification to the life beyond the grave." Is there a possible chance for such an one as I to realize in this world such friendships? Where am I to look for 'em? What testimonials shall I bring of my being worthy of such friendship? Alas! the great and good go together in separate herds, and leave such as I to lag far, far behind in all intellectual, and, far more grievous to say, in all moral accomplishments. Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance: not one Christian: not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly, what am I to do? Wesley (have you read his life?) was *he* not an elevated character? Wesley has said, "Religion is not a solitary thing." Alas! it necessarily is so with me, or next to solitary. 'T is true you write to me; but correspondence by letter, and personal intimacy, are very widely different. Do, do write to me, and do some good to my mind, already how much "warped and relaxed" by the world! 'T is the conclusion of another evening. Good-

night. God have us all in his keeping!—[*To Coleridge, Jan. 10, 1797.*]

The Dog Dash.—Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? . . . Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore?* Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India

had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder* Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. P—— and the children. They 'd have more sense then he. He 'd be like a fool kept in a family, to keep the household in good humor with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance, set to the mad howl. *Madge Owlet* would be nothing to him. "My! how he capers!" [*In the margin is written, "One of the children speaks this."*] · · · What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing, on the bite of rabid animals; but I remember you don't read German. But Mrs. P —— may, so I wish I had let it stand; The meaning in English is—"Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice," which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we. If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not

right with him, muzzle him and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do—he don't care for twist) to Mr. Hood's, his quondam master, and he 'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion, or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H——'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.—[*To P. G. Patmore, Sept., 1827.*]

Booksellers and Authors.—I have known many authors for bread, some repining, others envying the blessed security of a counting-house, all agreeing they would rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not, rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even

Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book drudgery, what he has found them. Oh, you know not (may you never know!) the miseries of subsisting by authorship. 'T is a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work.

Those fellows hate *us*. The reason I take to be that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit (a jeweller or silversmith, for instance), and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background, —in *our* work the world gives all the credit to us, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches! I contend that a bookseller has a *relative honesty* towards authors, not like his honesty to the rest of the world. B——, who first engaged me as "Elia," has not paid me up

yet (nor any of us without repeated mortifying appeals), yet how the knave fawned when I was of service to him! Yet I dare say the fellow is punctual in settling his milk-score, etc.—[*To Barton, Jan. 9, 1823.*]

A Literary Criticism.—I will just add that it appears to me a fault in the "Beggar," that the instructions conveyed in it are too direct, and like a lecture: they don't slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter. An intelligent reader finds a sort of insult in being told, "I will teach you how to think upon this subject." This fault, if I am right, is in a ten-thousandth worse degree to be found in Sterne, and in many novelists and modern poets, who continually put a sign-post up to show where you are to feel. They set out with assuming their readers to be stupid; very different from *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Roderick Random*, and other beautiful, bare narratives. There is implied an unwritten compact between author and reader; "I will tell you a story, and I suppose you will

understand it." Modern novels, *St. Leons* and the like, are full of such flowers as these—"Let not my reader suppose," "Imagine, if you can, modest!" etc. I will here have done with praise and blame. I have written so much, only that you may not think I have passed over your book without observation. . . . I am sorry that Coleridge has christened his *Ancient Marinere*, a *Poet's Reverie;* it is as bad as Bottom the Weaver's declaration that he is not a lion, but only the scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by this title but one subversive of all credit—which the tale should force upon us—of its truth!

For me, I was never so affected with any human tale. After first reading it, I was totally possessed with it for many days. I dislike all the miraculous part of it; but the feelings of the man under the operation of such scenery, dragged me along like Tom Pipe's magic whistle.—[*To Wordsworth, Jan., 1801.*]

On Walton's "Complete Angler."—That is a book you should read; such sweet religion

in it, next to Woolman's, though the subject be baits, and hooks, and worms, and fishes.—[*To Miss Fryer, Feb. 14, 1834.*]

WET SUNDAYS.—I have observed that a letter is never more acceptable then when received upon a rainy day, especially a rainy Sunday; which moves me to send you somewhat, however short. This will find you sitting after breakfast, which you will have prolonged as far as you can with consistency to the poor handmaid that has the reversion of the tea leaves; making two nibbles of your last morsel of *stale* roll (you cannot have hot new ones on the Sabbath), and reluctantly coming to an end, because when that is done, what can you do till dinner? You cannot go to the Beach, for the rain is drowning the sea, turning rank Thetis fresh, taking the brine out of Neptune's pickles, while mermaids sit upon rocks with umbrellas, their ivory combs sheathed for spoiling in the wet of waters foreign to them. You cannot go to the Library, for it 's shut. You are not religious enough to go to Church. O it is worth while

to cultivate piety to the gods, to have something to fill the heart up on a wet Sunday. You cannot cast accounts, for your Ledger is being eaten up with moths in the Ancient Jewry. You cannot play at draughts, for there is none to play with you, and besides there is not a draught-board in the house. You cannot go to market, for it closed last night. You cannot look into the shops, their backs are shut upon you. You cannot while away an hour with a friend, for you have no friend round that Wrekin. You cannot divert yourself with a stray acquaintance, for you have picked none up. You cannot bear the chiming of Bells, for they invite you to a banquet where you are no visitant. You cannot cheer yourself with the prospect of to-morrow's letter, for none come on Mondays. You cannot count those endless vials on the mantlepiece with any hope of making a variation in their numbers. You have counted your spiders: your Bastile is exhausted. You sit and deliberately curse your hard exile from all familiar sights and sounds. Old Ranking poking in his head unexpectedly would

just now be as good to you as Grimaldi. Anything to deliver you from this intolerable weight of *ennui*. You are too ill to shake it off: not ill enough to submit to it, and to lie down as a Lamb under it. The tyranny of sickness is nothing to the cruelty of convalescence: 't is to have thirty tyrants for one. That pattering rain drops on your brain. You 'll be worse after dinner, for you must dine at one to-day that Betty may go to afternoon service. She insists upon having her chopped hay. And then when she goes out, who *was* something to you, something to speak to—what an interminable afternoon you 'll have to go through. You can't break yourself from your locality: you cannot say, "to-morrow morning I set off for Banstead," for you are booked for Wednesday. Foreseeing this, I thought a *cheerful letter* would come in opportunely. If any of the little topics for mirth I have thought upon should serve you in this utter extinguishment of sunshine, to make you a little merry, I shall have had my ends. I love to make things comfortable. . . . That which is scratched out was the most ma-

terial thing I had to say, but on maturer thoughts I defer it.—[*To J. B. Dibdin, Sept. 9, 1826.*]

The Fiery Age.—Dear Dyer—I should have written before to thank you for your kind letter, written with your own hand. It glads us to see your writing. It will give you pleasure to hear that after so much illness we are in tolerable health and spirits once more. Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever; the tokens are upon her; and a great fire was blazing last night in the barns and haystacks of a farmer, about half a mile from us. Where will these things end? There is no doubt of its being the work of some ill-disposed rustic; but how is he to be discovered? They go to work in the dark with strange chemical preparations, unknown to our forefathers. There is not even a dark lantern, to have a chance of detecting these Gux Fauxes. We are past the iron age, and are got into the fiery age, undreamed of by Ovid. You are lucky in Clifford's Inn, where I think you have few ricks or stacks worth the burning. Pray,

keep as little corn by you as you can for fear of the worst. It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly they jogged on with as little reflection as horses. The whistling plough-man went cheek by jowl with his.—[*To George Dyer, Dec. 20, 1830.*]

A Character Sketch.—Our providers are an honest pair, Dame W[estwood] and her husband. He, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher, within Bow bells, retired since with something under a competence; writes himself parcel gentleman; hath borne parish offices; sings fine sea-songs at threescore and ten; sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands, about fifteen, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, "I have married my daughter, however"; takes the weather as it comes; cutsides it to town in severest season; and o' winter nights tells old

stories not tending to literature (how comfortable to author-rid folks!), and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a rider in his youth, travelling for shops, and once (not to balk his employer's bargains) on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a mad horse, to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of innkeepers, ostlers, etc., who declared they would not have bestrid the beast to win the Derby. Understand, the creature galled to death and desperation by gad-flies, cormorant-winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a Winter's eve; 't is his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence, to descant upon. Far from me be it (*dii avertant*) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparate conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that staggered all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity; that the horse-part carried the reason-

ing, willy nilly; that needs must when such a devil drove; that certain spiral configurations in the frame of T[homas] W[estwood] unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. But in case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let accident and him share the glory. You would all like Thomas Westwood.—[*To Wordsworth, Jan. 22, 1830.*]

A Gift from Her Betrothed.—For God's sake give Emma no more watches; *one* has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the field because there the bird-boys ask you, "Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?" and she an

swers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see "what the time is." I overheard her whispering, "Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday; I think St. George's goes too slow." This little present of time!—why,—'t is Eternity to her!

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away "half-past twelve," which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

Well, if "love me love my watch" answers, she will keep time to you.—[*To Moxon, July 24, 1833.*]

A Painting—Belshazzar.—Martin's "Belshazzar" (the picture) I have seen. Its architectural effect is stupendous; but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightened, like children at a sham ghost, who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a

lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Christmas gambol, to scare the ladies. The *type* is as plain as Baskerville's: they should have been dim, full of mystery, letters to the mind rather than the eye.

Rembrandt has painted only Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole), not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then everything is so distinct, to the very necklaces, and that foolish little prophet. What *one* point is there of interest? The idea of such a subject is, that you the spectator should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen,—the *hand*, and the *King*,—not to be at leisure to make tailor-remarks on the dresses, or, Dr. Kitchener-like, to examine the good things at table.

Just such a confused piece is his "Joshua," frittered into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there—you should see only the *Sun* and *Joshua*. If I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely; but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a-finding him out. Still he is showy in all that is not the human

figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing-school girl's attainment, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick,—"Now you shall see what you shall see, dare is Balshazar and dare is Daniel."—[*To Barton, June 11, 1827.*]

George Dyer's Tender Conscience.—G. was born, I verily think, without original sin, but chooses to have a conscience, as every Christian gentleman should have; his dear old face is insusceptible of the twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly appearance. When he makes a compliment, he thinks he has given an affront,—a name is personality.—[*To Moxon, Feb., 1832.*]

The Evils of Illustrating Shakespeare.—But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery do me with Shakespeare? to have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-

headed West's (though he did the best in Lear), deaf-headed Reynolds' Shakespeare, instead of my and everybody's Shaksepeare; to be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! to have Imogen's portrait; to confine the illimitable! —[*To Rogers, Dec., 1833.*]

HOOD THE PRINCE OF WITS.—Perhaps Rogers would smile at this. A pert, half chemist, half apothecary in our town who smatters of literature, and is immeasurably unlettered, said to me, "Pray, sir, may not Hood be reckon'd the Prince of Wits in the present day?" To which I assenting, he adds, "I had always thought that Rogers had been reckon'd the Prince of Wits, but I suppose that now Mr. Hood has the better title to that appellation." To which I replied, that Mr. R—— had wit with much better qualities, but did not aspire to the principality. He had taken all the puns manufactured in John Bull for our friend, in sad and stupid earnest.—[*To Moxon, May, 1833.*]

A MEASURELESS FAMILY.—Next, I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welsh annoyances, the

measureless B——'s. I knew a quarter of a mile of them. Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a tale of a shark every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravener not having had his gorge of him! The shortest of the daughters measured five foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Truly, I have discover'd the longitude.—[*To Landor, April 9, 1832.*]

On Chirography.—You always wrote hieroglyphically, yet not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr. You never wrote what I call a schoolmaster's hand, like Mrs. Clark; nor a woman's hand, like Southey; nor a missal hand, like Porson; nor an all-of-the-wrong-side sloping hand, like Miss Hayes; nor a dogmatic, Mede-and-Persian, peremptory hand, like Rickman; but you ever wrote what I call a Grecian's hand; what the Grecians write (or used) at Christ's Hospital;

such as Whalley would have admired, and Boyer have applauded, but Smith or Atwood (writing-masters) would have horsed you for. Your boy-of-genius hand and your mercantile hand are various. By your flourishes, I should think you never learned to make eagles or corkscrews, or flourish the governors' names in the writing-school; and by the tenor and cut of your letters, I suspect you were never in it at all. By the length of this scrawl you will think I have a design upon your optics; but I have writ as large as I could, out of respect to them; too large, indeed, for beauty. Mine is a sort of deputy Grecian's hand; a little better, and more of a worldly hand, than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile. — [*To Dyer, Feb. 22, 1831.*]

EDWARD IRVING'S MADNESS.—I was over St. Luke's the other day with my friend Tuthill, and mightily pleased with one of his contrivances for the comfort and amelioration of the students. They have double cells, in which a pair may lie feet to feet horizontally, and chat

the time away as rationally as they can. It must certainly be more sociable for them these warm, raving nights. The right-hand truckle in one of these friendly recesses, at present vacant, was preparing, I understood, for Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! it is time he removed from Pentonville. I followed him as far as to Highbury the other day, with a mob at his heels, calling out upon Ermigiddon, who I suppose is some Scotch moderator. He squinted out his favorite eye last Friday, in the fury of possession, upon a poor woman's shoulders that was crying matches, and has not missed it. The companion truck, as far as I could measure it with my eye, would conveniently fit a person about the length of Coleridge, allowing for a reasonable drawing up of the feet, not at all painful. Does he talk of moving this quarter?—[*To Gillman, March 8, 1830.*]

ODD BEDFELLOWS.—My bedfellows are cough and cramp; we sleep three in a bed.—[*To Moxon, April 27, 1833.*]

ANECDOTES.

WHEN a boy Lamb was walking one day with Mary in a church-yard, and he noticed that all the tombstones were inscribed with words of praise for the departed. "Mary," said he, "where do all the naughty people lie?"

LAMB'S CREED.—"I am a Christian, Englishman, *Templar*. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations and to get abroad into the world to come, I shall be like the 'crow on the sand,' as Wordsworth has it."

He especially attached himself to any violent symptoms of human nature. Being in a picture-gallery, he observed a stout sailor in towering disgust at one of the old masters, spit his tobacco-juice at it, and swear, with an expletive, that he could do better himself. The honest opinion honestly expressed, the truth and vigor of the man, delighted Lamb, and he rushed up to him to shake hands. Whenever

the sailor, after that, wrote to his friends in London, he wished to be particularly remembered to Mr. Charles Lamb, who would n't be humbugged about an old painting.

On another occasion he declared that he hated Mr. ———, "but you don't know him." "That 's the reason I hate him, I never could hate anybody I knew."

IRONY.—He told Mr. Cary, "he was a good parson—not, indeed, as good as Parson Adams, but perhaps about as good as Doctor Primrose."

One day he expressed his deep satisfaction at the death of an old woman, "She has left me thirty pounds a year!" He did not say that it was he himself who had paid her this annuity for many years out of his hard-earned and modest income.

Lamb once explained the term "compound," (in India House language, the name applied to the room he and his fellow-clerks worked in) to mean "a collection of simples."

HUMOROUS EPITAPHS.—The following epitaphs were found in Lamb's desk after his leaving the India house, by a young man, one of the clerks, named Fraschini. The first refers to a clerk who was in the India office with Lamb, the second to an old invalid officer of the British Infantry who eked out miserable half-pay as a copyist in the military department. The third on a certain Captain Sturms, and the last on Mrs. Dix.

"Here lies the body of Timothy Wagstaff,
Who was once as tall and straight as a flagstaff;
But now that he 's gone to another world,
His staff is broken and his flag is furled."

. . . . . .

The epitaph on Captain Matthew Day, of the 20th Foot, ran as follows:

"Beneath this slab lies Matthew Day,
If his body had not been snatched away
To be by science dissected:
Should it have gone, one thing is clear;
His soul the last trump is sure to hear.
And thus be resurrected."

Captain Sturms was hardly served any better.

"Here lies the body of Captain Sturms,
Once 'food for powder' now for worms.
At the battle of Meida he lost his legs,
And stumped about on wooden pegs.
Naught cares he now for such worthless things—
He was borne to heaven on Angels' wings."

The next was endorsed

"On Tom Dix's Mother.

"*Ci git* the remains of Margaret Dix,
Who was young in old age I ween,
Though Envy with malice cried 'seventy-six,'
The Graces declared her nineteen."

It should be explained that Mrs. Dix was born on Feb. 29, (leap year) and thus had only one birthday every four years. Consequently by the time she had completed her seventy-sixth year her nativity had been celebrated only nineteen times.

The medical officer of the India House was not held professionally, in much respect. Here is a *jeu de mot* on him.

"To the memory of Dr. Onesimus Drake
Who forced good people his drugs to take—
No wonder his patients were oft on the rack,
For this 'duck of a man' was a terrible quack."

LAMB'S PROPENSITY TO MYSTIFY—IN CRITICISING "THE ANCIENT MARINER."—At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire value of the poem, I said, perspiring, (I dare say), in this detestable crisis—"But Mr. Lamb, good heavens! how is it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What instance could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" "Instances!" said Lamb; "Oh, I 'll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, indeed! Pray, what do you say to this——

"'The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie'?

So beautiful, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself—what do you call him?—the bright-eyed fellow?" What more might

follow, I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of horror, I raised my hands—both hands—to both ears; and without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavored to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities, by shutting out all further knowledge of Lamb's impieties.—[*De Quincey's Recollections of Lamb.*]

CHARLES LAMB AND THE BEGGAR.—"Pray your honor relieve me," said a poor beadswoman to my friend, one day. "I have seen better days."

"So have I, my good woman," retorted he, looking up at the welkin, which was just then threatening a storm; and the jist (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a testor.—[*From the Decay of Beggars.*]

"There is M—— who goes about dropping his good things as an ostrich lays her eggs, without caring what becomes of them."

Lamb once alluded to a book called *A Day in Stowe Gardens*, that it was "a day ill-bestowed."

LAMB AND THE PUDDING.—It was a dinner at Gillman's at which Leslie was present; and the stage-coach was coming home filled with guests, when an outside passenger put the question, "All full inside?" "We can conceive the merriment within when Lamb replied, "Well that last bit of Gillman's pudding did the business for me."

Spent the evening at Lamb's, when I went in, they, (Charles and his sister) were alone, playing at cards together. I took up a book on the table—*Almack's*—and Lamb said, "Ay, that must be all max to the lovers of scandal." —[*P. G. Patmore's My Friends and Acquaintances.*]

We spoke of L. E. L., and Lamb said, "If she belonged to me, I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry. A female poet, or female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think.—[*Ibid.*]

H. C. R. came in about half-past eight and

put a stop to all further conversation—keeping all the talk to himself.—[*Ibid.*]

Speaking of some German story, in which a man is made to meet himself—he himself having changed forms with someone else—the talk turned on what we should think of ourselves, if we could see ourselves without knowing that it was ourselves. Robinson said that he had all his life felt a sort of horror come over him every time he caught sight of his own face in the glass; and that he was almost afraid to shave himself for the same reason. He said that he often wondered how anybody could sustain an intimacy with, much less a friendship for, a man with such a face. Lamb said, "I hope you have mercy on the barbers and always shave yourself."—[*Ibid.*]

——— was mentioned, and Lamb said he seemed to him a sort of L. E. L. in pantaloons. —[*Ibid.*]

"Believe me, the best acid," he said to a friend, "is assiduity."—[*Ibid.*]

He was to meet the gentleman (a poet) at dinner, and the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of *Paradise Lost*, "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged.—[*Ibid.*]

That was a good-natured action—his sitting to a friend "for a whole series of British Admirals!" They were wanted as illustrations for some periodical, and he was willing to be useful as a lay figure.—[*Ibid.*]

He cared more, he said "for Men Sects, than for Insects."—[*Ibid.*]

Hazlitt took his son to Lamb's one day, and expected to be asked to dinner. Lamb said he was sorry, but he had nothing in the house but cold kid to offer them. "Cold kid!" Hazlitt cried; and Lamb stuck to it that that was all. Hazlitt went away at last in a rage, leaving his son behind, and adjourned to the Reynells, where he dined off cold lamb. His son joined him when the meal was about over, and observed that he thought Lamb's roast beef better than this. "Roast *beef!* He told me he had only cold kid!" "Oh, that was his fun!" But Hazlitt thought it was past a joke.—[*Hazlitt's Charles and Mary Lamb.*]

I have been straying away from the immediate subject, but I must add something more. Towards the last, Lamb appears to have enjoyed, in consideration of the length of his service, certain privileges, of which, according to tradition I am about to notice, he did not neglect to avail himself. A story, for the truth

of which I must decline to be responsible, runs to the effect that on one occasion the head of the office complained to Lamb of the rather excessive irregularity of his attendance. "Really, Mr. Lamb, you come very late!" observed the official. "Yes—yes," replied Mr. Lamb, with his habitual stammer, "b—but consi—sider how ear—early I go."—[*Ibid.*]

A Dinner at Hood's.—The evening was concluded by a supper, one of those elegant little social repasts which Flemish artists delight to paint; so fresh the fruit, so tempting the viands, and all so exquisitely arranged by the very hand of taste. . . . Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he would by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly, having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her

asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. "What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?" "Back," said he, quickly; "I always prefer back." My husband laid down his knife and fork, and looking upward, exclaimed: "By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it." "Believed what?" said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, coloring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. "Believed what? why, madam, that Charles Lamb was a back-biter!" Hood gave one of his short quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, whilst Lamb went off into a loud fit of mirth, exclaiming: "Now that 's devilish good! I 'll sup with you to-morrow night." This eccentric flight made everybody very merry, and amidst a most amusing mixture of wit and humor, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amidst jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches and songs. . . . Mr. Lamb on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted,

and he accordiugly stammered forth a long string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On enquiring of a gentleman who sat next to me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad!—[*Mrs. Balmanno's Pen and Pencil.*]

A Visit to Mrs. Balmanno.—On the following night, according to his promise, Mr. Lamb honored us with a visit, accompanied by his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and a few others hastily gathered together for the occasion. On entering the room, Mr. Lamb seemed to have forgotten that any previous introduction had taken place. "Allow me, madam," said he, "to introduce to you, *my* sister Mary; she 's a very good woman, but she drinks!" "Charles, Charles," said Miss Lamb, imploringly (her face at the same time covered with blushes) "how can you say such a thing?" "Why," rejoined

he, "you know it 's a fact ; look at the redness of your face. Did I not see you in your cups at nine o'clock this morning?" "For shame, Charles," returned his sister; "what will our friends think?" "Don't mind him, my dear Miss Lamb," said Mrs. Hood, soothingly; "I will answer that the cups were only breakfast-cups full of coffee."

Seeming much delighted with the mischief he had made, he turned away, and began talking quite comfortably on indifferent topics to some one else. For my own part I could not help telling Mrs. Hood I longed to shake "Charles." "Oh," replied she, smiling, "Miss Lamb is so used to his unaccountable ways that she would be miserable without them." Once, indeed, as Mr. Lamb told Hood, "having really gone a little too far," and seeing her, as he thought, quite hurt and offended, he determined to amend his manners, "behave politely, and leave off joking altogether." For a few days he acted up to his resolution, behaving, as he assured Hood, "admirably; and what do you think I got for my pains?" "I have no doubt," said Hood,

"you got sincere thanks." "Bless you, no!" rejoined Lamb. "Why, Mary did nothing but keep bursting into tears every time she looked at me, and when I asked her what she was crying for, when I was doing all I could to please her, she blubbered out: 'You 're changed, Charles, you 're changed; what have I done, that you should treat me in this cruel manner?' 'Treat you! I thought you did not like my jokes, and therefore I tried to please you by strangling them down.' 'Oh, oh,' cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break; 'joke again, Charles—I don't know you in this manner. I am sure I should die, if you behaved as you have done for the last few days.' So you see I joke for her good"; adding, with a most selfish expression, "it saved her life then, anyhow."

This little explanation was happily illustrated the next moment, when Miss Lamb, still in extreme trepidation, and the blush yet lingering on her cheeks, happened to drop her handkerchief. She did not observe it, but her brother, although volubly describing some pranks of his boyhood to a little knot of listeners, stepped

aside and handed it to her, with a look that said as plainly as words could say, "Forgive me, I love you well." That she so interpreted it, her pleased and happy look at once declared, as with glistening eyes she sat eagerly listening to the tale he was then telling; a tale which doubtless she had heard before, ninety and nine times at least.—[*Ibid.*]

HAYDON'S MEMORIES OF LAMB.—In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb, "You good-for-nothing old Lake Poet," what has become of you? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with "Jerusalem" towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent, and then making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and proposing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present?—I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honor? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and

Taxes) who asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying: "My son John went to bed with his breeches on," to the dismay of the learned man? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force, and putting on his great coat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner's skull? And don't you remember Keats proposing "Confusion to the memory of Newton," and upon your insisting on an explanation before you drank it, his saying: "Because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." Ah! my dear old friend, you and I shall never see such days again! The peaches are not so big as they were in our days. Many were the immortal dinners which took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good, and the poetry first-rate. Wordsworth, Milton, Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David

Wilke, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, etc., etc., attended my summons and honored my table. —[*Haydon to Wordsworth, Oct. 16, 1842.*]

Coleridge's Monologue. — The story of Lamb, on his way to the India House, leaving Coleridge at 10 A.M. in a doorway talking with his eyes shut, and coming back at 4 P.M. to find Coleridge still there with his eyes shut, talking away, as he thought, to Lamb, I have heard my father declare, though only on Lamb's authority, to be strictly true; but then Lamb delighted in such fictions about his friends.—[*Ibid.*]

Mahomet and His Defender.—Caroline Fox mentions a visit to the Sterlings, Dec. 3d, 1841. Sterling talked of Philip van Artevelde (Taylor, Irving, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb being together) and the conversation turning on Mahomet, Irving reprobated him in his strongest manner as a prince of impostors, without earnestness and without faith. Taylor thinking him not fairly used, defended him with much spirit. On going away, Taylor could not find his hat,

and was looking about for it, when Charles Lamb volunteered his assistance with the query "Taylor, did you come in a h-h-h-h-hat or a t-t-t-t-turban?"—[*Memories of Old Friends.*]

LAMB'S SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS.—As an instance of Charles Lamb's sympathy with dumb beasts, two friends once saw him get up from table, while they were dining with him and his sister at Enfield, open the street-door, and give admittance to a stray donkey into the front strip of garden, where there was a grass-plot, which seemed to possess more attraction for the creature than the short turf of the common on Chase-side opposite to the house where the Lambs then dwelt. This mixture of the humorous in manner and the sympathic in feeling always more or less tinged the sayings and doings of beloved Charles Lamb; there was a constant blending of the overtly whimsical expression or act with betrayed inner kindliness and even pathos of sentiment. Beneath this sudden opening of his gate to a stray donkey that it might feast on his garden grass while

he himself ate his dinner, possibly lurked some strong sense of wanderers unable to get a meal they hungered for when others revelled in plenty,—a kind of pained fancy finding vent in playful deed or speech, that frequently might be traced by those who enjoyed his society.—[*Clarke's Recollections of Writers.*]

COWDEN WITH THE TUFT.—Cowden Clarke was very bald. Lamb called him playfully "Cowden with the Tuft." One evening, after gazing at it for some time Lamb suddenly broke forth "Gad, Clarke, what whiskers you have behind your head."—[*Ibid.*]

LAMB'S WHIMSICAL CANDOR. — He was fond of trying the dispositions of those with whom he associated by an odd speech such as this; and if they stood the test pleasantly and took it in good part, he liked them the better ever after. One time the Novellos and Cowden Clarkes went down to see the Lambs at Enfield, and he was standing by his bookshelves, talking with them in his usual delightful, cordial way, showing them some precious

volume lately added to his store, a neighbor chancing to come in to remind Charles Lamb of an appointed ramble, he excused himself by saying, "You see I have some troublesome people just come down from town, and I must stay and entertain them; so we'll take our walk together to-morrow."—[*Ibid.*]

Another time when the Cowden Clarkes were staying a few days at Enfield with Charles Lamb and his sister, they, having accepted an invitation to spend the evening and have a game of whist at a lady-schoolmistress' house there, took their guest with them. Charles Lamb, giving his arm to "Victoria," left her husband to escort Mary Lamb, who walked rather more slowly than her brother. On arriving first at the house of the somewhat prim and formal hostess, Charles Lamb, bringing his young visitor into the room, introduced her by saying, "Mrs. ———, I've brought you the wife of the man who mortally hates your husband"; and when the lady replied by a polite inquiry after Miss Lamb, hoping she was quite well,

Charles Lamb said, "She has a terrible fit o' toothache, and was obliged to stay at home this evening, so Mr. Cowden Clarke remained there to keep her company." Then the lingerers entering he went on to say, "Mrs Cowden Clarke has been telling me, as we came along, that she hopes you have sprats for supper this evening." The bewildered glance of the lady of the house at Mary Lamb and her walking-companion, her politely stifled dismay at the mention of so vulgar a dish, contrasted with Victoria's smile of enjoyment at his whimsical words, were precisely the kind of things that Charles Lamb liked and chuckled over.—[*Ibid.*]

Lamb's Love for Children.—When Wm. Etty returned as a young artist student from Rome, and called at the Novellos' house, it chanced that the parents were from home; but the children, who were busily employed in fabricating a treat of home-made hard-bake (or toffy), made the visitor welcome by offering him a piece of their just-finished sweetmeat, as an appropriate refection after his long walk;

and he declared that it was the most veritable piece of spontaneous hospitality he had met with, since the children gave him what they thought most delicious and best worthy of acceptance.

Charles Lamb so heartily shared this opinion of the subsequently renowned painter, that he bought a choice condiment in the shape of a jar of preserved ginger, for the little Novellos' delectation; and when some officious elder suggested that it was lost upon children, and therefore had better be reserved for the grown people, Lamb would not hear of the transfer, but insisted that children were excellent judges of good things, and that they must and should have the cate in question. He was right, for long did the remembrance remain in the family of that delicious rarity, and of the mode in which "Mr. Lamb" stalked up and down the passage with a mysterious harberingering look and stride, muttering something that sounded like conjuration, holding the precious jar under his arm, and feigning to have found it stowed away in a dark chimney somewhere near.

Another characteristic point is recalled by a concluding sentence of this letter. On one occasion—when Charles Lamb and his admirable sister, Mary Lamb, had been accompanied "half back after supper" by Mr. and Mrs. Novello, Edward Holmes, and Charles Cowden Clarke, between Schackelwell Green and Colebrooke Cottage, beside the New River at Islington, where the Lambs then lived, the whole party interchanging lively, bright talk as they passed along the road that they had all to themselves at that late hour—he as usual, was the noblest of the talkers. Arrived at the usual parting place, Lamb and his sister walked on a few steps; and then suddenly turning, he shouted out after his late companions, in a tone that startled the midnight silence, "You are very nice people!" sending them on their way home in happy laughter at his friendly oddity.—[*Ibid.*]

The City Acquaintance.—Lamb, at the solicitation of a city acquaintance, was induced to go to a public dinner, but stipulated that the latter was to see him safely home.

When the banquet was over, Lamb reminded his friend of their agreement. "But where do you live?" asked the latter.

"That 's your affair," said Lamb; "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to your bargain." His friend, not liking to leave Lamb to find his way alone, had no choice but to take a hackney coach, drive to Islington, where he had a vague notion that Lamb resided, and trust to inquiry to discover his house. This he accomplished, but only after some hours had been thus spent, during which Lamb dryly and persistently refused to give the slightest clue or information in aid of his companion.

LAMB'S WATCH.—Lamb was one of the most punctual of men, although he never carried a watch. A friend observing the absence of this usual adjunct of a business man's attire, presented him with a new gold watch, which he accepted and carried for one day only. A colleague asked Lamb what had become of it. "Pawned," was the reply. He had actually pawned the watch, finding it a useless encumbrance.

ATTENDANCE AT BUSINESS.—On one occasion Lamb arrived at the office at the usual hour, but omitted to sign the attendance-book. About mid-day he suddenly paused in his work, and slapping his forehead as though illuminated by returning recollection, exclaimed loudly: "Lamb! Lamb! I have it"; and rushing to the attendance-book interpolated his name.

EXCUSE FOR A HOLIDAY.—On another occasion Lamb was observed to enter the office hastily and in an excited manner, assumed no doubt for the occasion, and to leave by an opposite door. He appeared no more that day. He stated the next morning, in explanation, that as he was passing through Leadenhall Market on his way to the office he accidently trod on a butcher's heel. "I apologized," said Lamb, "to the butcher, but the latter retorted: 'Yes, but your excuse won't cure my broken heel, —— me,' said he, seizing his knife, 'I 'll have it out of you.'" Lamb fled from the butcher, and in dread of his pursuit dared not remain for the rest of the day at the India

House. This story was accepted as a humorous excuse for taking a holiday without leave.

A Sharp Answer.—An unpopular head of a department came to Lamb one day and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," was Lamb's reply.

Hunt's Characterization of Lamb.—His humor and his knowledge both, are those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracts a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege, when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension were a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well; I 'll Lamb-pun him."—[*Lord Byron and His Contemporaries.*]

On Voltaire.—To a person abusing Voltaire, and indiscreetly opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, he said admirably well (though he by no means overrates Voltaire, nor wants reverence in the other quarter,) that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ *for the French.*"—[*Ibid.*]

Dislike of Solitude.—He would rather, however, be with a crowd that he dislikes than feel himself alone. He said to me one day, with a face of solemnity, "What must have been that man's feelings who thought himself the first deist?"—[*Ibid.*]

A Matter-of-Lie Man.—He knows how many false conclusions and pretentions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or figments taken for them; and therefore one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, "Now," says he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man." This does not hinder his

being a man of the greatest veracity, in the ordinary sense of the word; but "truth," he says, "is pernicious, and ought not to be wasted on everybody."—[*Ibid.*]

To a Whist-Player. — He said once to a brother whist-player, who was a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke, "M., if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!"—[*Ibid.*]

A person sending an unnecessarily large sum with a lawyer's brief, Lamb said it was "a fee simple."—[*Procter's Charles Lamb.*]

Mr. H. C. Robinson, just called to the bar, tells him, exultingly, that he is retained in a cause in the King's Bench. "Oh" (said Lamb), "the first great cause, least understood."—[*Ibid.*]

Of a pun Lamb says it is "a noble thing *per se*. It is entire. It fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet; better. It limps ashamed, in the train and retinue of humor."—[*Ibid.*]

Once when enjoying a pipe with Dr. Parr,

that Divine enquired how he came to acquire the love of smoking so much, he replied: "I toiled after it as some people do virtue."—[*Ibid.*]

Lamb one day encountered a small urchin loaded with a too heavy package of grocery. It caused him to tremble and stop. Charles enquired where he was going, took (although weak) the load upon his own shoulder, and managed to carry it to Islington, the place of destination. Finding that the purchaser of the grocery was a female, he went with the urchin before her, and expressed a hope that she would intercede with the poor boy's master, in order to prevent his being overweighted in the future. "Sir," said the dame, after the manner of Tisiphone, frowning upon him, "I buy my sugar and have nothing to do with the man's manner of sending it." Lamb at once perceived the character of the purchaser, and taking off his hat, said, humbly, "Then I hope, ma'am, you 'll give me a drink of small beer." This was of course refused. He afterwards

called upon the grocer, on the boy's behalf. With what effect I do not know.—[*Ibid.*]

He (Lamb) was always afraid of her (Mary's) sensibilities being too deeply engaged, and if in her presence any painful accident or history was discussed, he would turn the conversation with some desperate joke. Miss Beetham, the author of the *Lay of Marie*, which Lamb esteemed one of the most graceful and truly feminine works in a literature rich in female genius, who has reminded me of the trait in some recollections of Lamb, with which she has furnished me, relates that once when she was speaking to Miss Lamb of Charles, and in her earnestness Miss Lamb had laid her hand kindly on the eulogist's shoulder, he came up hastily and interrupted them, saying, "Come, come, we must not talk sentimentally," and took up the conversation in his gayest strain. —[Miss Beetham to Talfourd, *Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb.*]

A Miss Pate (when he heard of her, he asked if she was any relation to Mr. John *Head* of

Ipswich), was at a party, and he said on hearing her name, "Miss Pate I hate." "You are the first person who ever told me so, however," said she. "O! I mean nothing by it. If it had been Miss Dove, I should have said, 'Miss Dove I love,' or 'Miss Pike I like.'" About this time also I saw Mr. Hazlitt for the first time at their house, and was talking on metaphysical subjects with him. Mr. Lamb came up; but my companion was very eloquent, and I begged him not to interrupt us. He stood silent, and Mr. Dyer came to me. "I know," said he, "that Mr. Cristall is a very fine artist, but I should like to know in what his merit principally consists. Is it coloring, character, design, etc. My eyes are so bad!" On which Mr. Lamb began rhyming—

> "Says Mr. Dyer to Mr. Dawe
> Pray how does Mr. Cristall draw?
> Says Mr. Dawe to Mr. Dyer,
> He draws as well as you 'd desire."

—[*Ibid.*]

A lady he was intimate with had dark eyes, and one evening people rather persecuted him

to praise them. "You should now write a couplet in praise of her eyes." "Aye, do, Mr. Lamb," said she; "make an epigram about my eyes." He looked at her—

"Your eyes! your eyes!
Are both of a size!"

which was praise, but the least that could be accorded. Mrs. S—— recommended *honey* to him as a good thing for the eyes, and said her daughter had received much benefit from it. "I knew," said he, "she had sweet eyes, but had no idea before how they became so."—[*Ibid.*]

At my house once a person said something about his grandmother. "Was she a tall woman?" said Mr. Lamb. "I don't know; No—Why do you ask?" "Oh, mine was; she was a granny dear."—[*Ibid.*]

He asked an absent lady's name, who had rather sharp features. On hearing it was Elizabeth, or something of the kind, he said: "I should have thought, if it had been Mary, she might have been St. Mary Axe." Another,

who was very much marked with the small-pox, he said, looked as if the devil had ridden rough-shod over her face. I saw him talking to her afterwards with great apparent interest, and noticed it, saying, "I thought he had not liked her." His reply was, "I like her internals very well."—[*Ibid.*]

Mrs. H—— was sitting on a sofa one day between Mr. Montague and Mr. Lamb. The latter spoke to her, but all her attention was given to the other party. At last they ceased talking, and turning round to Mr. Lamb, she asked what it was he had been saying? He replied, "Ask Mr. Montague, for it went in at one ear and out at another."—[*Ibid.*]

When I knew him first I happened to sit next him at dinner, and he was running on about some lady who had died of love for him, saying, "he was very sorry," but he could not command such inclinations; making all the commonplace stuff said on such occasions appear very ridiculous, his sister laughingly interrupting him now and then by saying,

"Why, she 's alive now!" "Why, she 's married, and has a large family," etc. He would not, however, allow it, and went on. With a very serious face, therefore, when he looked my way, I said, "And did she really die?" With a look of indignant astonishment at my simplicity, he said, "And do you think I should—" Not being able to suppress a smile, he saw what I had been about; and without finishing his speech, turned away his head.—[*Ibid.*]

A lady, who had been visiting in the neighborhood of Ipswich, on her return could talk of nothing but the beauty of the country and the merits of the people. Mr. Lamb remarked that "She was Suffolk-ated."—[*Ibid.*]

The way he would imitate a person who had been detected in some petty theft was inimitable. He began once, saying, he had never been in suspicious circumstances but once, and then he had laid his hand over a guinea that lay on a counter, but that he really did not know it was there, etc. My youngest sister,

then a little girl, in her talk afterwards, seemed to think he must have known it.—[*Ibid.*]

One day, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, I was sitting on a form looking at the catalogue, and answering some young people about me who had none, or spared themselves the trouble of consulting it. There was a large picture of "Prospero and Miranda"; and I had just said, "It is by *Shee;*" when a voice near me said, "Would it not be more grammatical to say by *her?*" I looked, and it was Mr. Lamb.—[*Ibid.*]

He went with a party to my brother Charles' ship, in which the officers gave a ball to their friends. My brother hired a vessel to take us down to it, and some of the company asked its name. On hearing it was the *Antelope*, Mr. Lamb cried out, "Don't name it; I have such a respect for my aunt, I cannot bear to think of her doing such a foolish action."—[*Ibid.*]

I once sat with Mr. Lamb in the pit of the theatre, when Mrs. Siddons gave one of her

last performances. We had two vulgar and conceited women behind us, who went on explaining and commenting, to show their knowledge, in a most absurd manner. Mr. Lamb occasionally gave them a lift. When Malcolm came on, in particular, he said, "*He* a king! Why he is in petticoats!" One of them said to the other, "It 's the dress of the country. Ignorant wretches!"—[*Ibid.*]

I had, I believe, once led the discourse in company by telling the story of a bad Arabian poet, who fell sick because he could get nobody to hear him recite; the physician grasped the cane, and caned him. On this, Mr. Lamb declaimed a great deal on the absurdity of reading one's own works aloud;—that people were always tired, instead of being pleased with it; and that he made a poem the other day, befitting the time (one of those of overwhelming darkness such as ours in London sometimes are); and though he had not yet had time to transcribe it, and recollected it perfectly, he should never think of repeating it to other peo-

ple. Everybody of course were entreating him to favor them by repeating it, assuring him they would like it very much; and at length he complied—"O my Gog! what a fog!" "A fine thing to make a fuss about?" said Miss M——; "Why, I can make a second part, extempore—'I cannot see to kill a flea!'"—[*Ibid.*]

On a book of Coleridge's nephew he writes, "I confess he has more of the Sterne about him than the Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion."—[*Ibid.*]

Hood tempting Lamb to dine with him, said, "We have a hare," "And many friends?" inquired Lamb.—[*Ibid.*]

It being suggested that he would not sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at the Queen's trial, Lamb rejected the imputation, asserting that he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor.—[*Ibid.*]

An old lady, fond of her dissenting minister, wearied Lamb by the length of her praises. "I speak, because I know him well," said she, "Well, I don't," replied Lamb; "I don't, but d——n him, at a venture."—[*Ibid.*]

The Scotch, whom he did not like, ought, he said, to have double punishment; and to have fire without brimstone.—[*Ibid.*]

Southey, in 1799, showed him a dull poem on a rose; Lamb's criticism was, "Your rose is insipid; it has neither thorns nor sweetness." —[*Ibid.*]

The second son of George the Second, it was said, had a very cold and uncongenial manner. Lamb stammered out in his defence that "This was very natural in the Duke of Cu—cum—ber—land."—[*Ibid.*]

To Bernard Barton, of a person of repute, "There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Which of us has seen

Michael Angelo's things? Yet which of us disbelieves his greatness."—[*Ibid.*]

"Charles," said Coleridge to Lamb, "I think you have heard me preach?" "I n-n-n-never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb.—[*Ibid.*]

One evening Coleridge had consumed the whole time in talking of some "regenerated" orthodoxy; Leigh Hunt, who was one of the listeners, on leaving the house, expressed his surprise at the prodigality and intensity of Coleridge's religious expressions. Lamb tranquillized him by "Ne-ne-never mind what Coleridge says, he 's full of fun!"—[*Ibid.*]

The Bank, the India House, and other rich traders look insultingly on the old deserted South Sea, as on their poor neighbor out of business.—[*Ibid.*]

In his exultation, on being released from his thirty-four years of labor at the India House,

he says, "Had I a little son, I would christen him 'Nothing to do.'"—[*Ibid.*]

Speaking of Don Quixote, he calls him "The Errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse."—[*Ibid.*]

On being asked by a schoolmistress for some sign indicative of her calling, he recommended "the Murder of the Innocents."—[*Ibid.*]

I once said something in his presence, which I thought possessed smartness. He commended me with a stammer; "Very well, my dear boy, very well. Ben, (taking a pinch of snuff), Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and—and—b-b-better."—[*Ibid.*]

To Coleridge, "Bless you, old Sophist, who next to human nature taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing."—[*Ibid.*]

To Mr. Gillman, a surgeon, ("query Killman?") he writes, "Coleridge is very bad, but he wonderfully picks up, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory: an archangel a little damaged."—[*Ibid.*]

To Wordsworth (who was superfluously solemn) he writes, "Some d—d people have come in, and I must finish abruptly. By d—d, I only mean deuced."—[*Ibid.*]

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